Storm Warning, by Alan Barnes

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[Part One]

(The Tardis materialises.)
DOCTOR: Tardis manual. Tardis manual, Tardis manual - not here, are you? I really must sort through these shelves properly some century soon.
(Rustling through books.)
DOCTOR: Oh! Agatha Christie, The Murder of Roger Ackroyd, first printing, signed. With the last page missing. Tut. Now I'll never know who done it. T'cha!
(Book thrown aside.)
DOCTOR: Now, let's see. War and Peace, the I Spy Book of British Birds, The Wonderful Wizard of Oz. Just look at the binding on this one. Published Eighteen Thirty-One and in mint condition too. Now, isn't this the edition with the preface all about that time when. Yes! Yes it is. "In the Summer of 1816 we visited Switzerland and became the neighbours of Lord Byron. At first we spent pleasant hours on the lake, or wandering on its shores, but it proved a wet ungenial Summer, and incessant rain confined us for days to the house. Some volumes of ghost stories fell into our hands. 'We will each write a ghost story,' said Byron. There were four of us." Well, that's wrong for a start. "I busied myself to think of a story, one which would speak to the mysterious fears of our nature, to curdle the blood and quicken the beatings of the heart." Oh, Mary, Mary. Well, you could have told a *real* story.
(Sudden Tardis materialisation sound.)
DOCTOR: Emergency stop? But that's not happened in centuries. Let's just see if the scanner can't shed a little light on what's going on there in the vortex.
(Noises, like a jet soaring, reversed, the same again, and again.)
DOCTOR: Incredible. A time ship crashing - and again.
(The same noise.)
DOCTOR: And again! It's caught in a glitch in space time. Hiccuping through its last moments forever. What a terrible way to never die.
(Screeching noises, birdlike.)
DOCTOR: Oh, no. Vortisaurs, swarming to pick over the debris. Get away from there, you vultures! Leave that wreck in peace. It's no use. Unless. Yes. If I can just spin the Tardis a little closer.
(Console noise. Tardis materialisation.)
DOCTOR: That's right, shoo, shoo! Back to whatever wormhole you crawled out of. Now, let's see if I can do something very clever. If I can use the Tardis to nudge the wreck on by a fraction of a second at the very end of the cycle it's caught in, those poor devils aboard can rest at last. Touch wood. Wait for it, Doctor, wait for it. Impact now!
(Crashing sound.)
DOCTOR: Well, I misjudged that.
(Tardis sluggish materialisation sound.)
DOCTOR: Come on, come on, if we don't dematerialise very soon, old girl, we'll get caught up in the smash ourselves, and
(Birdlike screeching.)
DOCTOR: Oh no. The Vortisaurs. It's no use, there's a dimensional displacement system protecting this ship. You can't get in!
(Close sounding banging.)
DOCTOR: What? Displacement system failing? Falling to thirty six per cent effective?
(Banging continues.)
DOCTOR: Twenty two per cent effective?
(Banging continues.)
DOCTOR: Please, please, for me, just work. They're breaking through. They're...

(Screeching. Banging sound.)

(Old Pathé Newsreel type sound and announcer.)
ANNOUNCER: Empire news. Masters of the air. Crowds gather at RAF Carlington, Bedfordshire, to cheer on the latest addition to Great Britain's sky fleet, the Airship R101, as she prepares to take to the clouds on her maiden voyage. And she's a hefty lady, of that there can be no doubt. One hundred and thirty feet high. One seventh of a mile long, bow to stern. Suspended by five and a half million cubic feet of hydrogen gas, this mighty dirigible is bigger than any vessel sailing the world's oceans, let alone the skies. Truly, a new wonder of the modern world. Joining her forty six strong crew for this first voyage to the far-flung shores of India, six very important passengers, including the Minister for the Air, Brigadier General, the Right Honourable Lord Tamworth, whose dream of an imperial airship service connecting the furthest of Britannia's dominions, has at last become a reality.
(As though on a microphone speaking to a crowd in the open air.)
TAMWORTH: Ladies and gentlemen, today marks the beginning of a new age in intercontinental travel. I am delighted and proud to be accompanying the worthy crew of this magnificent vessel on her inaugural flight. And I shall see you all in Karachi.
(Tamworth laughs, applause. Small dog barking.)
ANNOUNCER: Hello, what's this? It looks like the Minister's favourite terrier wants to be in on the adventure too. Bad luck, old scout. No dogs allowed on this trip. And so, with her five Beardmore Tornado Three eight cylinder engines singing in perfect tune, she slips the mooring tower, and its up, up and away. God speed you on your way, Airship R101, and God bless your passengers, the true masters of the air.

(Male laughter.)
TAMWORTH: And look, I said. Foreign Office wallah opens up the dispatch boxes. Thirty-six bottles of finest malt whisky inside. Well, I said, if it has to be a retreat, don't see why it should be a dry one, eh?
(Laughter.)
MAN: Well said, Tamworth.
TAMWORTH: Yeah, but seriously. All of you know what this wonderful machine around us could mean for our King, our country, our world. Raise your glasses, gentlemen. I give you the R101.
(Clinking of glasses.)
ALL: The R101!
TAMWORTH: Ah, Frayling. Over here, man, over here. Come and pow-wow with the fellows at the top table. I'd like you to meet Lieutenant-Colonel Frayling here. Sorted out the blueprints for our little chariot of the Gods, isn't that right, Frayling?
FRAYLING: I did have some substantial input into the design of the R101, that's true, but...
TAMWORTH: Some substantial input? Ha, ha, ha! Damn thing wouldn't have got six inches above the ground without your know-how, man. Maybe one can learn something from grammar school education after all.
(Men laughing.)
FRAYLING: A surprising sentiment for a socialist Minister, if I might say so, sir.
TAMWORTH: Well, I'm a funny sort of socialist. Oh, do cheer up, Lieutenant Colonel. Most men would be proud on a day like today. We're all proud of you, ain't that so?
ALL: Aye!
FRAYLING: Maybe they wouldn't be singing our praises, Lord Tamworth, if they knew that this ship hadn't completed its trial.
TAMWORTH: Shh, shh, shh, shh! Not having this, not again. Safe as houses.
FRAYLING: On paper, sir, on paper. You know how unhappy I was with the modifications you imposed upon my team last Summer. Extra weight, you insisted. She must carry fifty-six tons extra weight. Yet what do I find beneath my

feet when I walk aboard the ship? Half a ton of Axminster carpet, sir, half a ton!
TAMWORTH: Why, it's a very fine carpet for a very fine occasion.
FRAYLING: I warn you sir, I'm not to be. (Tamworth harrumphs) What I mean is, don't you think I ought to be made aware of exactly what else this ship is carrying?
TAMWORTH: What else?
FRAYLING: Sealed compartments to the fore and aft? At least one passenger who appears nowhere on any list.
TAMWORTH: You're a clever man, ain't yer? You don't miss a trick. It is true to say that our mission today is a little more than a simple flight to the station at Karachi.
FRAYLING: So what exactly is it?
TAMWORTH: And I promise you, Lieutenant Colonel, that if I have been somewhat economical with the actuality of late, then my reasons will become abundantly clear in a very short time indeed. I need you, Frayling. The Prime Minister needs you, your King and your country need you to be stout, dependable and strong. We'll return from this trip covered in glory, all of us. Take heart, man. Not long now. Now, soon we shall all be retiring to the smoking room for coffee and cigars. Why don't you run along and impress the Director of Civil Aviation. Do your career a favour, eh?
FRAYLING: I see, sir. Yes, I'm, I'm sorry if I may have seemed
TAMWORTH: That's quite all right. Cut along. Hmm.
(He snaps his fingers.)
TAMWORTH: Rathbone?
(RATHBONE has a South African accent.)
RATHBONE: Minister?
TAMWORTH: I've always thought a good valet should never be more than a finger's click from his master's side, and you do make a very good valet, don't you, Rathbone?
RATHBONE: I try, Minister. Do we have a problem with the young Lieutenant Colonel?
TAMWORTH: Not yet. But it might be worth keeping an eye on that one, as our little adventure progresses. No, I wondered if you shouldn't just look in on the passenger in cabin 43. See if there's anything you can do to make the journey more comfortable?
RATHBONE: As you wish.
TAMWORTH: Good, good. Steward, steward! What's a distinguished guest got to do to get an Irish coffee round here, eh?

(Tardis console room.)
DOCTOR: The Vortisaurs, they're. I did it. I did it, I did it. The extra momentum generated by the creatures themselves was enough to push the time ship on. And it should have provided enough of a power surge to restore the displacement system just as. Doctor, you know, you really must stop talking to yourself at times like this. Terrible habit. First sign of madness, they say.
(Screeching.)
DOCTOR: Oh, so *you're* back, are you? Well, I'm not hanging around to be pecked apart like the last sardine in the can.
(Tardis console noises.)
DOCTOR: Now, can I afford to make a jump straight out of the vortex at this four dimensional dateline? I think I'll have to. Fingers crossed. And
(Tardis dematerialisation.)
DOCTOR: Bye, bye!
(Only the faint screeching of Vortisaurs now.)

(A posh young woman is writing.)
CHARLEY: Memoirs of an Edwardian Adventuress, by Charlotte E Pollard. Chapter One. Candy floss clouds scattered as the mighty dirigible soared into the black night sky, a black so black it. Well, what's that supposed to mean? A black so black, it blotted out all but the brightest of the stars. I watched as the full

Moon shimmered into view, casting silver rays about the cabin when
(Rapping on cabin door.)
WEEKS [OC]: Murchford? Murchford! This is Chief Steward Weeks. And you were due on duty half hour ago.
CHARLEY: Oh, Lord!
(She assumes a teenage Cockney accent.)
CHARLEY: Strike a light, is that the time? Be right with you, Chief Steward Weeks, sir. (normal) Oh no. Where did I put that tunic?
WEEKS [OC]: Come on, boy, what's keeping you?
CHARLEY: I've been airsick, sir. Cor, something terrible, sir. Playing merry 'ell with me insides, this flying does.
WEEKS [OC]: Airsick? I don't know why the Purser insists upon bringing me first-timers, I really. Murchford? Purser told me you were Hampshire lad. Well, that's not a country accent you've got there. Murchford!
(Banging on door.)
CHARLEY: (Mummerset) Er , that's right, sir. I've been staying with me Uncle in 'Ackney, sir. Rubbed off on me something rotten, that it has. (normal) Cap, cap! (Mummerset) I was just saying to him the other day, sir, Uncle Seth, I says, ain't it strange how
WEEKS [OC]: Never mind that now, Murchford. Are you ready?
CHARLEY: (normal) Here goes nothing.
(Door open. Charley sticks to the Mummerset accent except when talking to herself.)
CHARLEY: Steward Simon Murchford reportin' for duty, Chief Steward Weeks, sir.
WEEKS: You'll do. Well, follow me, Murchford.
CHARLEY: Right behind you, sir. (sotto) Yes. Yes.
WEEKS: Keep your head up, boy. Don't slouch.
(Door closes.)
WEEKS: Oh, Mister Rathbone? I say, Mister Rathbone?
RATHBONE: Chief Steward Weeks.
WEEKS: Er, will the passenger in cabin 43 be requiring any dinner, sir? A cold platter, maybe. It wouldn't be any trouble, only Cook goes off duty at midnight, see.
RATHBONE: Hmph. I will ask, but I really wouldn't have thought so, would you? But tell you what, though. Send some fresh hot coffee up for me, eh?
CHARLEY: What's up with the fella in forty three, then?
WEEKS: Never you mind, son, never you
(Juddering sounds of vibrating.)
WEEKS: Oh!
CHARLEY: Steady, Mister Weeks, sir.
WEEKS: A touch of turbulence, I expect. Nothing to worry about.
(The noise subsides.)
WEEKS: Stop dawdling, Murchford. Work to be done.

(Tardis materialisation. Door opened.)
DOCTOR: Hello? Hello-o? Oh, just look what those creatures have done to your paint work. Still, look on the bright side, Doctor, they could have left those scratches on *you* .
(Squelching sounds.)
DOCTOR: Oh no, these shoes are letting in water.
(Splashes. Knocking on wall.)
DOCTOR: Sheer walls. So an interesting choice between a ladder up to that hatchway there, or a hasty dematerialisation, and I've got a double-headed Altarian dollar here which says
(Coin chink, slap into hand.)
DOCTOR: Climb the ladder.
(Squelching walking, climbing on metal ladder. Metallic roaring sound.)

TAMWORTH: Now, I thought I instructed you to ingratiate yourself with the

chaps, Mr Frayling. Not peer out into the dark night, pondering those bleak little thoughts of yours.
FRAYLING: It, it's not that, sir, it's just I thought I detected a faint list to starboard. Don't you feel it too?
TAMWORTH: Mmm. Well, now you come to mention it.
FRAYLING: As though number three ballast tank weren't completely empty of water, perhaps. I wonder. With your permission, sir, maybe I could get on the blower to the Flight Lieutenant down in the control cabin?
TAMWORTH: Must you? Yes, yes, of course you must. But hurry back and join us for one last brandy.
FRAYLING: I'd be delighted, Minister. I say, Flight Lieutenant?
TAMWORTH: That's if the damn brandies ever arrive, of course. First thing I change when we get back to Blighty is the number of Stewards flying aboard this machine.
FRAYLING: Please ensure number three ballast tank is empty.

(Metallic clanking.)
DOCTOR: Ah. So, where am I? Now, why is it I'm reminded of Jonah in the belly of the whale? It's like a giant ribcage, stuffed with obscene pulsating organs as far as the eye can see. Mmm, maybe not. Maybe. What? The hatchway.
(Clanking closed.)
DOCTOR: Oh no.

COXSWAIN: Valves open and pressurised, Flight Lieutenant, sir.
FLIGHT LIEUTENANT: Very good, height cox'n. Number three ballast tank ready, and releasing water ballast now. Ballast emptying now, Technical Director Frayling.
FRAYLING: Marvellous, Flight Lieutenant. Thank you. Over.

(Trying to move metal hatch.)
DOCTOR: No use. The hatchway's welded tight by the pressure. But
(Hissing.)
DOCTOR: What was that? Hang on. Those aren't ribs. They're girders. Steel girders. Everywhere the heavy smell of gas. An air ship, then. So that hatchway must lead to a ballast tank. Oh no, the Tardis.
(Rushing over then banging three times on metal.)
DOCTOR: Stupid, stupid, stupid! Flushed out, ejected! Still, she's been in worse scrapes. Best work out where I am, wait for this vessel to land, then make my way back to her cross-country. Or undersea, if my lucky Altarian dollar's holding true to form.

TAMWORTH: Happy now, Frayling?
FRAYLING: I was right, Lord Tamworth. Number three ballast wasn't clear. And there's something else. We've received a storm warning, just minutes away. I said we should have postponed this trip.
TAMWORTH: Not an option. Besides, our rendezvous is only an hour or so away.
FRAYLING: Rendezvous? But the midpoint in Egypt is a full day's flying from here.
TAMWORTH: Like I said, Lieutenant-Colonel, our rendezvous is only an hour or so away.
(Slight clink.)
TAMWORTH: At last. Here, lad, here! I trust that's a respectable cognac?
CHARLEY: Oh yes, Mister. Shall I?
TAMWORTH: Mister? Hah! What's your name, boy?
CHARLEY: Murchford, sir.
TAMWORTH: Now, see here, Murchford.
(Alarm noise.)
TAMWORTH: What the devil?
(Glasses break.)

FRAYLING: The whole ship. Rocked by something.
TAMWORTH: Never mind that now, Frayling, look what that silly arse has done to me best mess trousers.
CHARLEY: Oh look, I'm really very sorry, I couldn't
(She resumes Cockney, but too late.)
CHARLEY: I mean I've, er. Whoops.
TAMWORTH: Stand up, Murchford. Into the light, damn you. Lot of hair piled up beneath that cap, ain't there
(Cap removed.)
TAMWORTH: Missy? Now, who exactly are you and just how do you come to be aboard my air ship?
CHARLEY: I really didn't mean anyone any harm.
TAMWORTH: Stand up straight when I'm talking to you!
CHARLEY: My name is Charlotte Pollard. The real Murchford is probably still lying dead drunk in the stables of the Hare and Hounds at Ickwell Green. I got him plastered on the Special Ale, took his papers and kit-bag and, well, sneaked aboard.
TAMWORTH: And exactly to what end have you compromised the single most important flight yet attempted by an Englishman, eh?
CHARLEY: For the thrill of it, sir. Why else? Look out behind.
TAMWORTH: What?
(Stamping.)
TAMWORTH: Ow! That, that, that, that, that, that fool, the, the little minx has stamped on me foot!
WEEKS: I'm really terribly sorry about that, sir. I knew there was something funny about Murchford. Couldn't put me finger on it, though. Er, let me just help you
TAMWORTH: Get off me, Chief Steward! Well, don't just stand there gawping, man, get after her! Vixen! I'll have your guts for garters, Missy, you see that I don't.
(Flying airship noise.)

(Walking to a new area.)
DOCTOR: Now this looks promising. Living quarters? Cabin 48. Well, the numerals suggest what language I might be about to be accused of all sorts in.
(Muffed sounds, whimpering from another cabin.)
DOCTOR: Or maybe I'm wrong. Where did that come from? Here. cabin 43. Now, somewhere in here I might just have
(Rummaging.)
DOCTOR: Yes. A stethoscope. Conan Doyle's isn't it? Must return it before he gives up general practice. Eavesdropping, Doctor? That's another very bad habit you've picked up. Now then.

(Over the whimpering.)
RATHBONE: Stop that. I said, stop that, hey? That's better. Now, it's only a tiny needle. Don't want you too excitable today, do we? Now, hold still.

DOCTOR: You know, I don't like the sound of this one little bit. Maybe I should. Ah!
(Charley collides with him.)
CHARLEY: Oh! Oh.
DOCTOR: Is that the greetings over with?
CHARLEY: What?
DOCTOR: I can do this too. How! That's good, isn't it? Geronimo taught me that.
CHARLEY: How?
DOCTOR: There, you've got the hang of it already.
CHARLEY: What?
DOCTOR: Are you, are you running away from something?
CHARLEY: Someone.
DOCTOR: No, no, no, no, it's definitely some thing, I can see it just behind your

eyes. What you need is a hiding place.
(Charley laughs a little.)
DOCTOR: Hiding place, hiding place, hiding place. Ah. Curtains there, perhaps.
(Curtains moved aside.)
CHARLEY: Yes, whatever!
WEEKS: Murchford?
DOCTOR: Come on then, quick.
(Curtains drawn.)
DOCTOR: Shush.
WEEKS: Murchford, whoever you are. I know you're down here somewhere, lassie, and I'll search every one of these cabins if I have to. Oh, have it your own way. No skin off my rosy nose.
(Walking off. Curtain drawn back.)
CHARLEY: Well, you got that right, Chief Steward Weeks. It's redder than Mister Lenin's pyjamas.
DOCTOR: Red? Lenin? No, no, no, no. They, they were a sort of mauve when I took the train with him from Switzerland to Petrograd. Remarkable mind, Lenin. Terrible at tiddlywinks.
CHARLEY: (laughs) Well, I do declare. You might just be the oddest man I've ever met.
DOCTOR: You know, that's just what the Empress Alexandra said soon after. Now, there was a lady who liked to play games. Still, I'm the Doctor, by the way.
CHARLEY: Oh. I'm Charlotte. Charlotte Pollard. Charley to my friends.
DOCTOR: It's Charley then. I'll tell you what, shall we, er, shall we explore? This way do you think, mmm?
CHARLEY: Hmm.
DOCTOR: All these cabins make me think of that time on the Lusitania. And the Orient Express. Or was it the Hyperion? Or maybe Storm Mine Four?
(Thunder.)
CHARLEY: Tiddlywinks? He played Lenin at tiddlywinks? Still, why not?
(Running.)
CHARLEY: Oh, hold on Doctor, wait for me.

TAMWORTH: Damn it all, Frayling, I want that girl found.
FRAYLING: I really don't see what difference she makes. Actually, she ... seemed like quite a sort.
TAMWORTH: A sort?
FRAYLING: You know - fun, devil-may-care, that sort of thing.
TAMWORTH: She'd better care. Or I may yet have to have her shot.
FRAYLING: Shot? (laughs) That's very good, sir.
TAMWORTH: There are greater things at stake today, Lieutenant Colonel, than the well-being of some silly It girl who thinks she's just the thing. And let's have no more of that whisky, man. Don't need you stewed if we get ourselves into a pickle.
FRAYLING: I've hardly touched a drop, really I haven't!
(Loud crash of thunder. Gasp from the men.)
MAN: Oh, God!
FRAYLING: Hello. Storm's breaking.
TAMWORTH: She'll hold. Magnificent workmanship went in to this craft. Fantastic fellows they have in those sheds back in Carlington. Put my life in their hands, I would.
FRAYLING: Believe me, you have done.
(Further peal of thunder.)
FRAYLING: Look! Look!
TAMWORTH: What? Where?
FRAYLING: (stammering) Through the porthole, lit up by the lightning, th-th-there's something out there, Tamworth!
TAMWORTH: Let me see.
FRAYLING: Did?
TAMWORTH: Nothing. There's nothing there, man.

FRAYLING: I tell you, I saw something, some animal. With wings, a-and claws. It looked at me, sir. I'm telling you, it opened up its eye, and it looked at me.
TAMWORTH: And I'm telling you there's nothing out there, Frayling. Do sober up, or I'll have you on a charge.
FRAYLING: I'm not drunk. But I could have sworn. I could have sworn I saw *something* out there.

CHARLEY: Oh, I love lightning, don't you? So scary and powerful.
DOCTOR: I know what you mean, Charley, I know what you mean. So is that France down there? This glass is all misted.
CHARLEY: I think so. I mean, I can't see it, but that's where we should be. Does it matter?
DOCTOR: Well, yes. My Tardis got ejected as ballast, you see. I need to triangulate its position. It's terribly difficult in the dark.
CHARLEY: Tardis?
DOCTOR: Yes, my Time and Space machine, disguised as a Police Box.
CHARLEY: It
DOCTOR: And before you say it, yes, I know, it sounds incredible. So do you know where we're headed?
CHARLEY: Karachi. Are you pulling my leg?
DOCTOR: Karachi?
CHARLEY: Karachi, India. You know, the Jewel in the Crown. Now, about this time machine business.
DOCTOR: The year wouldn't happen to be 1930, would it?
CHARLEY: Er, yes...
DOCTOR: And the month, October?
CHARLEY: Yes.
DOCTOR: And this airship, it wouldn't happen to be the R101, would it?
CHARLEY: (exasperated) Yes!
DOCTOR: Oh, this isn't good.
CHARLEY: It's not? Why?
DOCTOR: Well, if I remember my Earth history correctly...
(Crash.)
CHARLEY: What was that?
DOCTOR: I don't know. Shush.
(Moaning noise and sound of disturbance.)
CHARLEY: There's something dragging itself across the outside of the ship.

(The passenger is still whimpering.)
RATHBONE: It's only a touch of thunder and lightning, eh? God, normal round these parts. You want some more of the needle, eh? You keep it up, you're going to *get* some more of the needle. Told you, it's nothing to worry yourself about.

CHARLEY: Well, whatever it was, Doctor, it's gone.
DOCTOR: Perhaps.
CHARLEY: So come on, then. What's this great secret you really shouldn't be telling me?
DOCTOR: Hmm. You're not supposed to be here, are you, Charley?
CHARLEY: Doctor, you know that already.
DOCTOR: No, no, I mean you are *really* not supposed to be here, are you?
CHARLEY: No, I'm not. Oh come on, Doctor, what's the matter?
DOCTOR: It's just like I said. If I remember my Earth history correctly, the R101 airship took to the skies for her maiden voyage to India, early in October Nineteen Thirty.
CHARLEY: Yes, and?
DOCTOR: And *crashed* , in flames, in France, during a storm, in the early hours of the next morning, killing everyone aboard.
CHARLEY: And you're saying that's what's going to happen to us?
DOCTOR: Yes Charley, I'm very much afraid I am.

CHARLEY: Geronimo, Lenin's pyjamas, tiddlywinks with the Tsarina, and now you can see the future. (laughs) Come on, Doctor, you *are* pulling my leg. Who are you really?
DOCTOR: Charley, I'm telling you the truth.
(Walking off.)
DOCTOR: At least I *think* I am. And I'm sure I remember right, I. Charley, where are you going? Don't go, Charley.
(Walking off. Thunder.)

(Whimpering.)
RATHBONE: Be quiet. Or I'll give you some...
(Whistling noise and scratching at window.)
RATHBONE: You're right, you know. There is something at the window, eh? Let's just see what we can see outside.
(Crash of glass, screeching sound, Rathbone screams.)

[Part Two]

CHARLEY: What was that?
DOCTOR: Above us, to stern. The cabin deck. Come on!
CHARLEY: Doctor, you still haven't told me who you really are yet.
DOCTOR: Charley, I have. Come on!
CHARLEY: Oh, what's the use. Wait for me!

(Screech of a Vortisaur. Rathbone in pain.)
RATHBONE: My arm. Get off my arm, you filthy animal! Get off! I warn you
(Knock on door.)
WEEKS [OC]: Mister Rathbone, sir? It's Chief Steward Weeks. I've brought you that coffee you asked for. Is something the matter, Mister Rathbone?
RATHBONE: (struggling) I'll tear you limb from limb!
WEEKS: Misterr Rathbone? If you'll just unlock the door, Mister Rathbone.

(Locked door tried. Sound of the struggling Rathbone.)
WEEKS: It won't budge. Mister Rathbone? Mister Rathbone. I'm gonna get help, Mister Rathbone. I, I can't quite
DOCTOR: Help's arrived. Chief Steward Weeks, isn't it? Now, what's going on inside? Oh yes, the mysterious cabin 43.
(Bangs on door.)
DOCTOR: Hello? Hello, what's going on in there?
WEEKS: Who the devil are you, sir? And as for you Merchford, or whatever your name is
CHARLEY: It's Charley. You heard. This here is the Doctor.
WEEKS: Doctor? What Doctor? We don't have a doctor on board.
DOCTOR: You do now. Well, don't just stand there, Steward, help me force the door.
(Bang against door with grunts.)
DOCTOR: One more heave.
(More bangs against door and grunts. Door smashed open. Inside, Vortisaur screech.)
CHARLEY: What is it?
RATHBONE: Get this bloody thing off my arm.
DOCTOR: Pterasauria Vortexfera. We call it a Vortisaur. Stop struggling, Mister Rathbone, isn't that what the Chief Steward said? You're only making it worse.
WEEKS: Vortsi what?
DOCTOR: Got to ... force its ... jaws. Lucky it's only got its head through the port hole. Very tenacious, Vortisaurs. Once they've got the smell of blood in their nostrils ... It's no good, I need something to ... Steward, that coffee pot, just outside. Come on, come on!
(Metal object lifted up.)
WEEKS: Er, got it. What, er...?

DOCTOR: Oh, just give it here.
(Opening of lid.)
DOCTOR: Sorry, old chap, you're not going to like this one little bit.
RATHBONE: It's all right. Just do what you have to, eh?
DOCTOR: I wasn't talking to you.
(Liquid hiss. Vortisaur cry, Rathbone gasps.)
RATHBONE: It burns! (laughs) But not as much as it burned that creature, eh?
DOCTOR: It wasn't the heat, it was the taste it objected to, but I'm afraid it won't be gone for long.
WEEKS: Saw something like that when I took the young uns to the Natural History Museum. Some sort of flying dinosaur.
DOCTOR: Close. They're carrion feeders. They live in the Space Time Vortex picking over whatever scraps they can find. I'm afraid this one must have followed the trail of my Tardis, squeezed itself through the gap made in Space Time as it made the emergency exit, then burst out a few moments behind.
RATHBONE: You know a lot about these creatures.
DOCTOR: We rode them bareback at the Academy on Gallifrey. Who's this?
(Moaning in background.)
CHARLEY: I don't know, Doctor. I just found him here. I don't think he can breathe through this contraption.
RATHBONE: You just leave the passenger alone, doll. Not your concern.
DOCTOR: A very special passenger to be held in a sealed cabin trussed up in a deep-sea diver's suit being fed oxygen through all these tubes. And I think Miss Pollard here is right. You are having trouble breathing, aren't you?
(Gun clicks.)
RATHBONE: You're a doctor? Well, you show some regard for your own health, eh? Now, stand up and leave the passenger be.
DOCTOR: Rathbone, a revolver isn't at its most effective when held by a man with a half-eaten and scalded forearm.
RATHBONE: I can manage. Now, you say the creature's coming back. You know so much about it, you can kill it, right?
CHARLEY: It's all right. The nasty bird thing is gone now. I think he's getting better.
RATHBONE: You see? The girl can stay here. Help me make the passenger comfortable. You two, go and sort out the
(Rathbone says an Afrikaans word, phonetically rove-teer.)
RATHBONE: The dinosaur.
WEEKS: Us? How? I'm a steward, not a big game hunter. And as for this Doctor fellow, well
DOCTOR: Don't worry, Mister Weeks, we'll find a way. But I can see by all this medication around that this passenger needs more than a touch of T.L.C. to keep going. Hmm, there on the table, Mister Weeks, is that a shot of morphine?
(Object lifted up.)
WEEKS: What, in this here syringe? That's what it says on the label.
DOCTOR: Good, bring it with you. That's if Mister Rathbone has no objections, of course.
RATHBONE: You do what you have to, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Then I agree. And when we return maybe we can discuss the welfare of this poor unfortunate.
RATHBONE: When you return maybe we discuss who you and the girl are, what you're doing aboard this airship and whether or not we throw you off it, eh?
DOCTOR: Splendid. Don't worry Charley, I'll be back as soon as I can.
CHARLEY: I know you will. Go.
DOCTOR: Ready, Mister Weeks?
WEEKS: Aye, I suppose so. Oh, Lord.
CHARLEY: You should get that arm seen to, you know. It's looking all blistered.
RATHBONE: You're doing just fine with this passenger, doll. Worry about me later, eh?

(Running.)

DOCTOR: Come on, come on, no time to lose.
WEEKS: Where are we going?
DOCTOR: The promenade. Big old windows there.
WEEKS: Why? What are we looking for?
DOCTOR: We're not looking for anything. We want the Vortisaur to see us.
WEEKS: We do?
DOCTOR: Yes. In here.
(Door opened.)
DOCTOR: Deck chair, deck chair, deck chair. No, no, no, too light. Ah. Give me a hand with this table, will you?
(Grunting and moving of table.)
DOCTOR: Just about. here. Ready, Mister Weeks?
WEEKS: Ready for what, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Ready to lift.
(Grunting.)
DOCTOR: Now, I'll count to three. After three we're gonna pitch this table through that window, if that's all right.
WEEKS: You can't. That's, that's just vandalism.
DOCTOR: That's nothing compared to the damage that Vortisaur's claws could do to the hull of this airship, let alone the gas bags keeping us up. Not a nice thought, is it?
WEEKS: No, but
DOCTOR: So, are you with me? Splendid. After three. One, two, three!
(Grunting. Smashing of window.)

FLIGHT LIEUTENANT: Steady as she goes.
FRAYLING: Did you feel that, Tamworth? She's listing to port now. This is hopeless, sir. She's not been tested in these conditions. I, I cannot guarantee the R101's airworthiness given a buffeting like this.
TAMWORTH: Don't get so excited, Frayling. Stand firm.
FRAYLING: No. No. Lord Tamworth, listen to me. As technical director to the imperial airship programme, I urge you to abort this flight. There's a suitable mooring point at an airfield just north of Paris, now take her down.
TAMWORTH: One more peep out of you, Lieutenant Commander, and I shall have you arrested for insubordination.
FRAYLING: Arrested? On what grounds?
TAMWORTH: On any grounds I care to concoct. This mission will succeed, regardless of any jitters in the ranks.
FRAYLING: Oh, the mission. What mission? This is a scheduled flight to Karachi, not some charge for death or glory.
TAMWORTH: (laughs) Lieutenant-Commander, don't you see? That's exactly what it is. Chin-chin.

(Hissing of air.)
WEEKS: Careful, Doctor. You'll get yourself sucked through.
DOCTOR: Whoo! Yes, I see what you mean. Come on, come one, where are you?
WEEKS: There. Look, Doctor. About two o'clock.
DOCTOR: Aha. Come on, you stupid animal, we're down here. Yes, that's right, come on, come on. Come and see the Doctor. No, it's not interested in me. Maybe it's learned its lesson. Oh well.
WEEKS: Doctor! What on Earth are you, are you doing?
DOCTOR: I'm looking for a nice sharp piece of glass. Ah.
WEEKS: Have you gone completely mad? You'll bleed to death if you cut yourself on that.
DOCTOR: Nonsense. I only want to make a tiny scratch on my forearm, just enough to. What's the matter, Weeks? Squeamish?
WEEKS: Er, not too keen on the sight of blood, I must admit. Mrs Weeks is always baiting me about it.
DOCTOR: Well, baiting is exactly what I'm up to here. Here, here, boy! Yes,

that's right, mm, mm! Nice. Yummy. Time Lord blood. Come and get it. Here it comes. Stand back, stand back.
(Birdlike sounds of Vortisaur.)
WEEKS: Doctor, it'll have your arm off.
DOCTOR: No, I don't think so. Will you, hmm? No, you're lost and alone, adrift in just four small dimensions but you can smell the vortex on me, can't you? Smell the Space Time in my blood. Mm-mm-mm-mm, come on, gently does it. Ah! Easy! That's right, that's right, no need to rush, there's plenty more.
(Gentle lapping. Contented sound from Vortisaur.)
WEEKS: Well, I'll be. Never seen anything like it in all my born days. Gentle as a lamb he is now.
DOCTOR: See? They're quite well-behaved away from the pack. It's all this screeching and shouting that gets them excited. Must have had a pint by now, and that's nearly an armful. Mister Weeks, perhaps if you'd be good enough to draw up that morphine.
WEEKS: What? Oh yeah, of course.
DOCTOR: Now, there's a patch of softer hide just under the crest in the nape of the neck where the stripes begin, you see? Ever so gently, just push the needle in there. Well done. He's dozy already.
WEEKS: So what now? We wring its neck and pitch the blighter overboard?
DOCTOR: Certainly not! It's my fault he's here in the first place so *I* have to take him back. Can't be having an extra-dimensional bird of prey floating about Twentieth Century Earth, dead or alive. There's this thing called the Web of Time, you see, a. Oh no. No, you don't, do you? Well, we'll lock him up nice and tight somewhere, sort him out later but first, tell me, who's the Commanding Officer aboard this ship?
WEEKS: Why, the Flight Lieutenant, of course. Well, usually. But it's Lord Tamworth who's in charge of this trip really.
DOCTOR: Tamworth. Tamworth! I remember. Minister of the Air. Ambitious, driven, doesn't suffer fools gladly.
WEEKS: Er, yeah. Do you know him?
DOCTOR: Only by reputation. We all will, once the history books get written. Let's go.
WEEKS: What about Mr Rathbone? And your little friend Merchford, or whatever it is she's calling herself? Oh, and I'll have to find some tarpaulin to seal up that window.
(Glass moved.)
WEEKS: That broken glass needs sweeping too, eh?
DOCTOR: One thing at a time, Chief Steward, one thing at a time. Charley's resourceful, she can cope. I hope. The rest can wait. There's more important things to do right now.
(Dragging.)
DOCTOR: Quite a heavy old monster, aren't you? Come on.

CHARLEY: There. That's better, isn't it? You just rest. He's breathing much better now, Rathbone. I don't know that he needs this helmet any more. Perhaps we should...
RATHBONE: And what would you know about it, doll?
CHARLEY: Er, well...
RATHBONE: Exactly. You and this man friend of yours, you're stowaways, eh?
CHARLEY: The Doctor is not my man friend, Mr Rathbone. He's, well, I'm not quite sure what he is, but he seems to think he's very well-connected. As for me, I'm an explorer. An Edwardian adventuress. I mean, it's the first time I've ever done anything like this, but you've got to start somewhere, haven't you?
RATHBONE: I remember when I ran away from Cape Town, to go and see the world.
CHARLEY: Oh, there's so much of it, isn't there? Sometimes I lie awake at night and think about all the thousands of places I could go, all the people I could meet. I could have a hundred lifetimes and still not meet them all.
(RATHBONE laughs.)

RATHBONE: Back in the old country we have a saying. The quicker the Springbok runs, the fiercer the lion that rips out its liver. But you've been running for five minutes, girl, and already you've got yourself caught.
CHARLEY: Caught? What do you mean?
RATHBONE: You don't have a clue what you and your friend, this Doctor, have got yourself into. No one knows you're here, no-one ever has to know. A tourist, lost in the veldt, is easy meat for the lions and the hyenas, unless they have a guide, unless they can pay for protection. You get my drift, doll?
CHARLEY: Take your hands off me, sir! I can look after myself, thank you very much.
RATHBONE: We'll see, girl. You'd better be sure you can run faster than the lions, eh? You'd better be sure.

WEEKS: Careful, Doctor. Tamworth's not a man to be mucked about.
DOCTOR: I'm not proposing to muck him about. Lord Tamworth?
TAMWORTH: Here, sir. And you are?
DOCTOR: The Doctor. Of most things and some more besides, before you ask.
TAMWORTH: Of most things and some more besides? Steward, what do you mean by bringing some long-haired stowaway into the VIP Lounge?
DOCTOR: I'm wearing a tie.
WEEKS: I'm sorry, sir. There was this monster, you see, and he attacked Mr Rathbone, and then he turned up, and, and we caught it and locked it in the galley.
FRAYLING: Monster?
TAMWORTH: Don't interject, Frayling. Steward, is this man armed?
WEEKS: No, sir.
TAMWORTH: Is he dangerous?
WEEKS: I don't think so, sir.
TAMWORTH: And is he insane?
WEEKS: I wouldn't like to say, sir.
TAMWORTH: Well, two out of three's not bad. Dismissed, Chief Steward.
WEEKS: Yes, sir.
TAMWORTH: Now, Doctor. Do you have something to do with the girl who was in here earlier?
DOCTOR: Miss Pollard. Not until recently. Frayling. Lieutenant-Commander Frayling. You designed this airship, didn't you?
FRAYLING: I did. But how on earth...?
DOCTOR: Tell me, what effect do you suppose increased altitude has upon the rubber solution used to weatherproof the gas-bags holding this vessel up?
FRAYLING: I. Well, I'm not entirely sure.
DOCTOR: Well, don't you think you should be?
FRAYLING: Now, look here.
TAMWORTH: Calm yourself down, Mr Frayling. Outrage really doesn't suit you. Now Doctor, am I to take it you're some sort of spy?
DOCTOR: What would you say if I was?
TAMWORTH: I'd say ... well, why on earth didn't you mention it earlier, my dear chap? Sit yourself down, sir, sit yourself down. Now, I assume you are acting for the Zeppelin company?
DOCTOR: Er, yes.
TAMWORTH: I must say, your English is most impressive. Almost good enough to pass muster, eh? But not quite, eh? So, that rogue Herr Echner wishes to know more about our marvellous airship scheme, hmm? Wonderful. I must say my pride would have been grievously insulted if he hadn't attempted to smuggle an agent aboard. So, your real name, Herr?
DOCTOR: Still Doctor, Lord Tamworth. Doctor Johann Schmidt of Stuttgart.
TAMWORTH: Oh! What a wonderful old Teuton name. I take it you are a scientist, then?
DOCTOR: Well, I can hardly deliver Berlin a full dossier on the workings of this craft without a pigeon, is that right? Pigeon of engineering.
TAMWORTH: Er.

DOCTOR: Is that right, no?
FRAYLING: Er, smidgen, I think you mean.
DOCTOR: Smidgen of engineering, of course. The accent is simple enough to master, but your colloquialisms are hard work, old bean.
TAMWORTH: (laughs) You know, I'm so pleased you turned out to be a spy. Would have been in a dreadful spot if you'd been a civilian.
DOCTOR: Why's that?
TAMWORTH: Well, you know the rules, dear boy. Can't allow uncensored news of this mission to leak out back home. No room for loose cannons on this vessel, no, no, no, no, no. If you had been British - an inquisitive journalist or a stowaway, say - I might have had to do something frightful, like throw you overboard. And that really would have been too bad, whereas now
DOCTOR: You can hand Fraulein Pollard and myself to the authorities on the ground.
TAMWORTH: And they can deal with the messy business of having you executed. Quite.
DOCTOR: Quite. But indulge me for a moment, Minister. The passenger in cabin 43.
TAMWORTH: What about the passenger in cabin 43?
DOCTOR: Do you realise he's gravely ill? I mean, I may be wrong of course, but I do have some experience of these matters.
TAMWORTH: Do you now?
DOCTOR: One sees all manner of things in my line of work but you see your Mister Rathbone didn't seem at all keen on my investigating the matter further. If I'm right, I dare say I can only do myself a favour by offering my assistance. If I'm wrong, you're going to have me shot anyway, so what harm can it possibly do?
TAMWORTH: I see the German reputation for logic is well-founded. Very well, Doctor Schmidt, I agree. But first, Frayling?
FRAYLING: Sir?
TAMWORTH: You will report to the control cab immediately, where at oh oh thirty hours precisely you will supervise this ship's ascent to five thousand feet.
FRAYLING: Five thou? That's more than twice the air pressure the R101 was built for.
DOCTOR: Three times, surely?
TAMWORTH: Why, yes. Ah. Now you know one of the reasons for the modifications of last summer, Frayling. I knew you'd be pleased.
FRAYLING: Sir
TAMWORTH: No, no, no, no, no. No arguments. Remember, I now have a terribly well-informed representative of the famous Zeppelin company to fall back on for technical advice. And he's got very good reasons to do just as I please. Isn't that right, Doctor Schmidt?
DOCTOR: Er.
TAMWORTH: Hurry along, Frayling. Don't be late.
FRAYLING: Yes, sir.
TAMWORTH: (laughs) The RAF. Between you and me, Doctor, it's full of well-meaning dullards. No vision. Unlike your Herr Echner, for example.
DOCTOR: I couldn't say. The passenger?
TAMWORTH: By thunder, the passenger. Let's shilly-shally no longer. Lead on. (Walking off.)

FLIGHT LIEUTENANT: Oh oh thirty hours, on my command, raise the elevator wheel height, Cox'n.
COXSWAIN: Aye, aye, Flight Lieutenant. Altimeter rising. One thousand five hundred feet. One thousand five fifty. One thousand six hundred feet. One thousand six fifty. One thousand seven hundred feet.

(Moaning in background as sound of approaching walking.)
TAMWORTH: My own agents tell me, Doctor, that the Zeppelin company now has plans for dirigibles as large as the British R Series. I understand there's a

ship called the Hindenbergh, is it, on the drawing-board now?
DOCTOR: Later, Lord Tamworth, look, here we are.
CHARLEY: Doctor, you came back.
DOCTOR: I have. Our mission has failed, Fraulein Pollard. I have informed the Minister of Air here that we are now in his custody.
CHARLEY: In his what?
DOCTOR: (sotto) We're German spies, Charley. Trust me. I haven't a clue what I'm doing.
CHARLEY: Why doesn't that surprise me in the least?
DOCTOR: Cheeky. (louder) How is your injury, Rathbone?
RATHBONE: A scratch. It will heal.
DOCTOR: Let me see. No need to put a brave face on it. See the tendons constricting here? The translucency of the skin? You're what, thirty?
RATHBONE: Like it matters.
DOCTOR: It does. Your forearm's sixty. That's the trouble with five-dimensional predators. They make five-dimensional bite-marks.
TAMWORTH: Ahem. Doctor Schmidt, the passenger, if you please?
DOCTOR: Oh yes, yes. How's he been, Cha? Er, Fraulein Pollard?
CHARLEY: Quieter, Doctor Schmidt, until a few moments ago. Been a bit sort of wheezy since then. It's funny. There's nothing to show for it, but I can't help feeling there's something very wrong.
DOCTOR: Feeling, Charley? Touch his chest, here. What do you feel?
CHARLEY: I don't know. Anxious and incomplete. Like, like the feeling you get when you meet someone you know is going to break your heart.
TAMWORTH: Is this relevant?
DOCTOR: It could be, but no, not right now. Hmm. How do *you* feel, Tamworth?
TAMWORTH: No different. A little light-headed, maybe, but that's just the.
DOCTOR: Just the altitude, yes. A touch less oxygen than you're used to. The reverse of *your* problem, isn't it, mmm? This person is hyper-oxygenated. With your permission, Lord Tamworth, I should like to turn off the gas and remove his helmet.
RATHBONE: What are you talking about, man? We know that the passenger needs oxygen to survive. It was the first thing we established.
DOCTOR: On the ground, yes. I expect this person does need a very specific combination of blood gasses. Up here, the atmosphere is rather different, and it's changing with every inch the ship rises.
RATHBONE: What kind of science is this, eh?
DOCTOR: The biology of an adaptive physiognomy very different from your own. It's your call, Lord Tamworth, but I wouldn't want to guarantee this person's health at five thousand feet if you don't let me do as I say. And I think this person's well-being is ver,y *very* important to you.
TAMWORTH: It is. Stand aside, Rathbone.
(Gun click.)
RATHBONE: Be right, Doctor. If you're not, I shoot Charley girl through the head, hmm?
DOCTOR: There's no call for *that* .
(Turning of metal in metal.)
CHARLEY: You are quite sure about this, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Ninety nine per cent. Ninety eight, at least. That's the last of the bolts. Now, let's see your face, shall we?
(Hissing. Clearer gasping from the passenger.)
DOCTOR: Hello. Don't be frightened. I'm the Doctor.
CHARLEY: Oh. Oh Doctor.
RATHBONE: We know. That face. Disgusting, isn't it?
CHARLEY: No. She's, she's beautiful. Is this skin? It's so smooth and grey and
DOCTOR: Go on, Charley. Touch her, softly. You don't mind, do you? Go on.
CHARLEY: Oh. Oh, you're so cold. Oh, your eyes, it's like
DOCTOR: Charley? Charley, why are you crying?
CHARLEY: Oh, no. There's nothing wrong. It's just, just then, seeing myself reflected in her eyes. She made me think of watching the dolphins at Regent's

Park Zoo. I remember how even though they're only fish, it's like you feel them smiling.
RATHBONE: Dolphins aren't fish, they're mammals. Everyone knows that.
DOCTOR: Shush. It's all right, it's all right. Very far from human, aren't you, and very far from home. Tamworth, Rathbone, I hope you know what you're doing.
(The grey alien gasps, deep breathing out.)
DOCTOR: I think she's trying to say something.
ALIEN: Charley. You are Charley?
CHARLEY: No, no. I'm Charley. You can talk.
ALIEN: Charley. You are kind.
CHARLEY: I, I don't know what to
(Bell rings. The grey alien cries out.)
CHARLEY: Oh, it's all right. Don't worry. It's only a bell.
RATHBONE: That's the signal, Tamworth.
TAMWORTH: The crew will be gathered together in the main lounge in just a few minutes.
DOCTOR: Excuse me, what signal?
TAMWORTH: Five thousand feet. We've reached our rendezvous. And just ahead of schedule. I have to address the men, Doctor. You and the girl will bring the passenger through. Interesting that you seem to have some kind of affinity with it. Interesting.
RATHBONE: Before you leave, Tamworth, these two. This Doctor and the girl. They cannot be involved any further.
TAMWORTH: I don't see why not. This Doctor Schmidt has been useful enough so far. And if young Miss Pollard really *can* get through to this passenger, then she might yet prove helpful in our (pause) negotiations, don't you think?
RATHBONE: You negotiate all you like. Don't get too fond of making the jaw-jaw with these people, eh? Your know my instructions, my priorities.
TAMWORTH: *Your* priorit? We share the same objective, Rathbone. That is our only priority. But I bear the overall responsibility for this mission, not you, and I authorise the methods by which this mission will be executed. Stop straining at the leash, man. If I choose to let you off it you have a free hand. Until then, you just remember who it is you're talking to. Hurry along, you two. I need the passenger ready.
(Rathbone makes an Afrikaans insult, phonetically Reh-win-eek.)
RATHBONE: There's an invalid chair here. Place the passenger in it.
(Movement.)
RATHBONE: Lucky, Doctor, that you seem to have persuaded Tamworth you are something more than just a stowaway. Isn't that so?
DOCTOR: I'm as much a stowaway as you're just a valet.
RATHBONE: You're a clever man, Doctor. I don't approve of clever men.
DOCTOR: Yes, well, that can't be helped. Ready, Charley? You steer, I'll push.
CHARLEY: Ready, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Off we go.
(Wheelchair being moved.)

(Bell rings.)
TAMWORTH: Attention. Now, you should all have realised that this maiden voyage is a little more involved than a simple flight to India and back, but that is all, until now. Don't ask, don't tell has been our motto. You're all good men, reliable men, and you've been chosen to serve aboard His Majesty's ship the R101 for a very special reason. During the next few hours, you will see and hear things, wonderful uncanny things, which will boggle your imagination and test your senses to the utmost. Ah. And here's the first. Doctor, Rathbone, bring our guest through.
(Reactions from the crew. The grey alien moans.)
CHARLEY: Oh, it's all right. They're only looking. Don't be scared.
TAMWORTH: Quiet! As you can see, we've been travelling in the company of a very special guest. An ambassador, you might say, of a foreign power. Today we are all to be ambassadors. For the Royal Air Force, for His Majesty the King,

for the British Empire, and indeed for all of humankind.
(Rocket motors.)
CHARLEY: Doctor, do you hear that sound? It's outside the ship. It's getting closer.
TAMWORTH: Dead on time.
CHARLEY: There's something above us. It's huge. The light. It's like daylight outside.
(Rocket motors nearer.)
ALIEN: We are arrived.
CHARLEY: What is it?
DOCTOR: I suppose you might call it a flying saucer.

[Part Three]

FRAYLING: It's just astonishing. Miraculous. It must be two miles wide. How a vessel like that can move through the air...
TAMWORTH: Above the air, Lieutenant Commander. Through the most mysterious of cosmic spheres.
FRAYLING: Outer space?
DOCTOR: The evidence is laid out before you, Mister Frayling. Best to just accept it, don't you think?
CHARLEY: But where has it come from, Doctor? The moon?
DOCTOR: A bit further afield than that, I expect, but why don't you ask your new friend?
TAMWORTH: Yes, Miss Pollard. I'd like that. Go on, go on.
CHARLEY: Er, is it true? Have you really come from outer space? From Mars or Venus?
(The grey alien speaks, naming itself.)
ENGINEER: Charley, it is true. I am Engineer Prime of The Triskele. (pronounced Trisskeelee) We have travelled from places further than you have words for.
DOCTOR: You seem better, Engineer Prime. Why is that?
ENGINEER: Contact. I feel the Triskele within me once again.
TAMWORTH: And what do you suppose that means, Doctor Schmidt?
DOCTOR: You know, don't you? It's like Charley said earlier. She could feel the Engineer's thoughts. These Triskele are telepathic.
ENGINEER: I cannot feel you, Doctor. These others too are all but closed to me. There are some, though. Charley. Zelda Madame.
CHARLEY: Who?
RATHBONE: Tamworth, I protest. This is classified information not to be shared with enemy agents.
TAMWORTH: (laughs) Rathbone, these people approved their use.
DOCTOR: That's true, isn't it? Besides which, Rathbone, I hardly think you're in a position to get all high and mighty about a couple of captured spies. A bit pot calling the kettle black isn't it?
TAMWORTH: (laughs) I think, Rathbone, the Doctor here has let the cat out of the bag.
RATHBONE: I work for British Intelligence, yes. It has been my duty to ensure the security of this creature en route.
DOCTOR: Well, Rathbone, we're here now, so your responsibilities are at an end. Give yourself a pat on the back for a job well done. Well, nearly well done. Sit back, and have a nice cup of tea. I'm sure the Chief Steward will
CHARLEY: Shush! Doctor, look. It's like she's hearing something.
ENGINEER: Tamworth Lord. This vessel may proceed.
TAMWORTH: Capital. Er, how, exactly?
ENGINEER: Forward. The hull of the Triskele will be insubstantial as you pass.
TAMWORTH: Fascinating. Chief Steward Weeks?
WEEKS: Sir.
TAMWORTH: Listen here, old chap. Unusual circumstances and all that. I've decided to circumvent the usual proprieties. Served over Fourteen Eighteen

didn't you, Weeks?
WEEKS: Lance Corporal with the Eighth Royal Lincolnshire, sir.
TAMWORTH: Consider yourself recommissioned, Lance Corporal Weeks. Now, be a good fellow and convey this message to the control cab, will you? Tell the Flight Lieutenant that we
(As he speaks, Charley speaks over him louder.)
CHARLEY: Doctor, does this mean that there are other worlds past the sun?
DOCTOR: A million planets circling a million suns, Charley, where the starlight makes colours which human eyes have never seen.
TAMWORTH: (continuing) Regardless of visible indications, have you got that?
CHARLEY: You've been there, haven't you? You've really been there.
WEEKS: Regardless of visible indications. Got that, sir...
CHARLEY: Like you really have met Geronimo and Lenin. (laughs) Just think. Yesterday the furthest place I could imagine was the terrace of the Singapore Hilton.
DOCTOR: The Singapore Hilton. I met a Venusian there. Or will do after your time. Why the Singapore Hilton?
CHARLEY: Oh, a long story. No, not really. There's this boy, well, man, I met not long ago. A trader, works all over the world, mostly in the Far East. Said you haven't lived until you've had a gin sling on the terrace of the Singapore Hilton while the sun goes down. I made him promise to meet me there on New Year's Eve. He just laughed, so I thought, stuff you. Come hell or high water, it's a date.
DOCTOR: So that's why you smuggled yourself aboard the R101. Karachi to Singapore, that's no distance at all.
CHARLEY: A slow boat across the Bay of Bengal and I'm there. Long way to go for a date, I suppose. Seems even further now.
(Movement.)
CHARLEY: We're moving again.
DOCTOR: Climbing into the light.
FRAYLING: Doctor, is this real? Is this really happening?
DOCTOR: Oh yes. Breathe in deep, Lieutenant Commander. You too, Charley. You feel that pounding in your heart, that tightness in the pit of your stomach, the blood rushing to your head? Do you know what that is? That's adventure. The thrill and the fear and the joy of stepping into the unknown. That's why we're all here, and that's why we're alive!
(The last word echoes. Motors die down.)
CHARLEY: Do you hear that? The engines have stopped.
DOCTOR: It's darker now. We must be right inside the saucer.
TAMWORTH: Ahem. Gentlemen, and others. It seems we've arrived.
ENGINEER: Arrived home.
(Applause and cheers.)
DOCTOR: My congratulations too, Lord Tamworth. So tell me, what's the plan now?
TAMWORTH: I'm afraid, Doctor Schmidt, that this is the point at which we wheel out the big guns, so to speak. Thank you, thank you. The guard of honour will now assemble at the gangway and escort our little delegation off board. I shall be leading the procession, followed by the Director of Civil Aviation here, the officials from the Royal Airship works, the er
PRIME: No, Tamworth Lord. This will not be. Three persons only to go outside.
TAMWORTH: Three? Mister Engineer Prime, you must understand that this is not how we do things. We have a full delegation of very distinguished guests gathered to greet our new friends in the proper diplomatic fashion.
ENGINEER: I understand. Three only, for now. We shall be three. You shall be three.
TAMWORTH: Well, this is damned insulting. These are very important persons.
DOCTOR: Er, what Lord Tamworth means to say, Engineer Prime, is that despite his reservations, he accedes to your terms gracefully. When in Rome, Lord Tamworth, hmm? Besides which, why share the moment? It was your vision got us here after all.

TAMWORTH: Uh. You're a very persuasive fellow, Doctor Schmidt. I'd have you on staff, if you weren't shot. Protocol dictates a change of plan. The delegation will now comprise just myself, the Director of Civil Aviation, and Mister Rathbone, the latter representing British interests abroad.
ENGINEER: No. The three have been chosen. Tamworth Lord, Frayling Director Technical, and Doctor The. No others.
TAMWORTH: I say. This is the limit.
PRIME: Tamworth, Frayling and Doctor. No others, or no meeting. I have angered Tamworth Lord?
TAMWORTH: No, not at all. (calmer) Not at all. Frayling? Here, man, here.
DOCTOR: Charley, will you be all right when I leave the ship?
CHARLEY: I wish I could be with you, but ... yes, I'll be all right.
DOCTOR: Good. Watch out for Rathbone. Things aren't going according to his plan. I wouldn't want him to start improvising, would you?
TAMWORTH: Doctor, I heard that. And between you and me, I'm no keener to let Rathbone out of sight than you are.
DOCTOR: Hmm. Well, then, are we all ready to see what's outside?
TAMWORTH: I am. Frayling?
FRAYLING: I suppose so, yes.
TAMWORTH: Well, then. Doctor, would you kindly steer the Engineer Prime towards the landing area?
ENGINEER: That will not be necessary.
(Creak of the invalid chair.)
ENGINEER: Let us depart.
CHARLEY: Doctor, she walks without touching the ground.
DOCTOR: Interesting, isn't it? Look after yourself, Charley.
CHARLEY: I will.
TAMWORTH: Mister Rathbone.
RATHBONE: Yes, Minister? Best of luck.
TAMWORTH: Don't choke on those good wishes. The ship is in your hands now.
RATHBONE: I know, Lord Tamworth. I know.
TAMWORTH: Ahem. Onward.
(Footsteps.)
CHARLEY: Well, Mister Rathbone. Looks like it's just you, me and about fifty airmen twiddling our thumbs. Whatever shall we do?
RATHBONE: We wait, doll. We wait.

(Metal door opens. Footsteps.)
DOCTOR: Amazing. They've built a mooring tower for the R101. Just like the one at Cardington, isn't it?
TAMWORTH: Exact in every detail. Oh my...
DOCTOR: It's big, isn't it? A space so vast it has its own wind currents. Mind your cap, Frayling.
FRAYLING: What? Oh! It's gone. I can't even see where this space begins and ends, it's so huge. Magnificent. Just magnificent.
TAMWORTH: Just imagine. A man with such a machine could be master of the world, not just the air.
DOCTOR: Yes, Lord Tamworth, I expect he could.
ENGINEER: Doctor, Tamworth, Frayling. You follow, please.
DOCTOR: So tell me, Minister. Engineer Prime, what brought your two worlds together? The Lieutenant Commander and I are dying to know.
(Walking on metal.)
TAMWORTH: Hmm. Well, one night last winter I was told that an unidentified aircraft had crashed in woodlands in Westmoreland. I arrived at the site to see the wreckage disintegrating. Dissolving into the ether, I suppose. Soon there was nothing left, just this fellow here. Ain't that so, Engineer Prime?
ENGINEER: That is so.
TAMWORTH: Of course, no debris, no crash. Not officially. Nothing to hide except an injured pilot, easy enough. Quiet sanatorium near the lakes was just

the thing. Wonderful staff there. Touch and go for a while, but we soon worked out what made the survivor tick. Or kept him going at least. But two months went by with not a peep from this fellow. Not a word of English passed his lips. We had no idea where you came from, what you were. Thought you might be some foreign agent, as a matter of fact. Some diabolical goblin bred by a heathen villain. A Fu Manchu. No offence. Have to admit, pursued that line rather hard. Interrogation got quite intense. I know now what we did to you was wrong, old man. I'm sorry.
PRIME: You knew no better. I accept.
DOCTOR: So how did you establish communication in the end?
TAMWORTH: Well, that's the strangest thing. Knock on the door in the middle of the night. Chap named Rathbone there, surrounded by hard-faced fellows in raincoats. Intelligence men. Says he knows someone who could solve the mystery of Patient X. Takes me to a salon in Shoreditch, run by a woman called Madame Zelda. A spirtualist medium, would you believe.
FRAYLING: A what?
DOCTOR: I believe you. Go on.
TAMWORTH: Well, turns out Madame Zelda is the real thing. A psychic who passes on titbits from the spirit world to the spooks now and again, if, if you see what I mean. She says that she knows about our visitor. She, she's heard voices from beyond and requests a meeting. Well, I'm at me wits' end by now so, I agree. She sits down with the patient and they stare at each other for forty eight hours, completely silent. And when she comes out of her trance, this little fellow is willing to talk.
DOCTOR: Why did you keep quiet for so long, Engineer Prime?
ENGINEER: Until Zelda Madame, all those allowed to speak with me were Uncreators, or so it seemed. Zelda Madame proved that higher forms lived on the blue planet too. So I chose to speak.
DOCTOR: Uncreators? What do you mean by Uncreators?
FRAYLING: I don't suppose it means, well, men.
DOCTOR: I doubt it's quite as simple as that.
TAMWORTH: Anyway, so Madame Zelda becomes our go-between, sending and receiving messages from up here to down there. Couldn't risk public alarm by authorising a landing, even in the remotest location we could find, so it was agreed. We would return the Engineer in the air using the magnificent airship we had being built, and her maiden voyage as cover.
FRAYLING: So that was why you...
DOCTOR: Why the design was altered in the summer. Extra lift, extra cargo. I'm impressed by the lengths you've gone to just to return one stranded alien. It's just I can't help wondering, Lord Tamworth, whatever do you think is in it for you?

(Grunting.)
WEEKS: Over there, lads.
(Heavy thing put down.)
WEEKS: Twenty five crates from the hold as requested, Mister Rathbone, sir.
RATHBONE: Very good, Chief Steward. I mean, Lance Corporal, of course. You may begin unpacking them now.
CHARLEY: What's with all these crates? They look like they weigh half a ton each.
RATHBONE: They do, Miss Pollard.
(Crate being opened.)
RATHBONE: Now, let's just see if our cargo is intact, eh?
(Hay being moved aside.)
RATHBONE: Ah. Vickers Maxim. A beautiful weapon. Fires five hundred rounds per minute, would you believe. Incredible.
(Gun being loaded.)
CHARLEY: What's going on, Rathbone? Machine guns in here? Rifles, grenades? Enough arms to fight a small war.
RATHBONE: Precisely. But don't you worry your pretty head about it, eh?

(Still walking along metal while talking.)
FRAYLING: (breathless) Oh, I thought we'd never reach the bottom.
DOCTOR: A few steps never hurt anyone, Lieutenant Commander. Now this is interesting. You see this symbol on the floor?
FRAYLING: Ah, a symmetrical device. Three hooks joined together at the centre. I recognise it from somewhere, but I...
DOCTOR: Remember what the Engineer Prime called his people? The Triskele? This symbol here is known almost universally as a Triskelion. I've seen it in places as far apart as the ice caves of Nepthis, and the Isle of Man. Your culture must be very old, Engineer.
TAMWORTH: Do you mean to say, Doctor, that these creatures have been to our planet before?
PRIME: Once the universe feared the Triskele. Many civilisations have known of our skill and recorded it. To them, it remains a trace of our past.
DOCTOR: Your reputation has preceded you, you mean. What happens now, Engineer Prime?
ENGINEER: Step onto the arms of the sigil. Tamworth Lord here, Doctor The here, Frayling Technical Director here, beside Engineer Prime.
DOCTOR: Each in a different sector of the Triskelion. I see. Now?
ENGINEER: Now the Triskele come.
(Electronic noise. Gasping.)
TAMWORTH: That, that, that noise, what does it mean?
ENGINEER: Here the Engineer Triskele.
FRAYLING: I say!
TAMWORTH: Thousands of the beggars behind you, Frayling. Where. There was no-one here, and now there is. Where's the ship gone? Where's my airship gone?
ENGINEER: It is above. We are between.
DOCTOR: Fascinating! The decks of this vessel move around the people, something like that?
ENGINEER: That is correct. Something like that.
FRAYLING: The decks of this vessel move around the people? That's absurd. How can that happen? Why?
DOCTOR: Brilliant, just brilliant. I love it! No stairs. So these are the Engineer Triskele?
ENGINEER: We are. We are intellect. We construct this space for all the Triskele.
TAMWORTH: Construct this space? What does that mean?
ENGINEER: We perceive. We build. Remain on the sigil please, Doctor The.
DOCTOR: Sorry. So, when are we going to meet the other Triskele?
TAMWORTH: Other Triskele?
DOCTOR: There are three parts to the Triskelion, aren't there? Here, the Engineer Triskele, the rational, thinking part. Architects, designers, mathematicians, physicists, statisticians.
TAMWORTH: And the other parts, where are they?
DOCTOR: I think we're about to find out.
(Another electronic noise.)
FRAYLING: It's all gone dark. Dark and cold. Look! Creatures.
DOCTOR: Yes. Like the Engineers, or at least, their cousins.
FRAYLING: I wouldn't want this bunch in the family. They're even uglier than the last lot. Thank Heaven they're all in chains, that's all I can say.
ENGINEER: (wailing) This is the place of Uncreation.
TAMWORTH: Uncreation? What is this Uncreation?
DOCTOR: To coin a phrase, Lord Tamworth, it's behind you.
TAMWORTH: What? Oh! Oh my. And you are?
UNCREATOR: I am the Uncreator Prime. You are Earth men? You. I smell the blood on you. You have known war.
TAMWORTH: I've seen service, if that's what you mean. With the REs in Mauritius, during the Boer campaign. I was a military atachee in Serbia then

Bucharest. After the invasion of Romania, I was there at the capture of Jericho.
UNCREATOR: (rattle of chains) Jericho. There was glory at Jericho?
TAMWORTH: There were medals, citations, mentions in dispatches, but no, not much glory. Wretched business, wretched. And you, sir. Or is it madam?
UNCREATOR: There was a time before the coming of the law, before the Triskele became as they are now. Now we Uncreators war amongst ourselves.
DOCTOR: I'm beginning to understand. We've seen the brains of the Triskele already. These Uncreators, they're the dark heart of the Triskele. Unacted desires. The urge to destroy, to kill, to uncreate. What have the Triskele done to themselves, and why?
UNCREATOR: We are chained by the Law. Suppressed. The Engineers fear us, fear what the Triskele once were, what they could be again. Tamworth, you pity we Uncreators?
TAMWORTH: Old soldier. Saw enough young men returned from the Front, bits blown off 'em. Boys, their faces paralysed by mustard gas, frozen in the horror of the moment, frozen for ever. War to end all wars. Never again.
UNCREATOR: Pity, sorrow, sadness. You stand in my place on the Triskelion, but you have renounced your heritage. You are not an Uncreator. Engineer Prime, you have cheated me.
ENGINEER: No. No!
UNCREATOR: You have cheated me out of my wrath. Open your mind to me, Engineer Prime. Open it. Oh, I feel the dread in you. There *is* Uncreation on Earth. There is a name. A harshness. Wrath. Rathbone. Where is Rathbone?

(Noise of the Uncreator Prime laughing.)
RATHBONE: What? Who's that? Where are you? Who are you?
CHARLEY: Rathbone? Rathbone. Are you all right?
RATHBONE: I, I thought I heard a voice, calling out my name.
CHARLEY: Yes, mine, just now.
RATHBONE: Yes. Yes, that must have been it. Must have been. Tamworth and the others, they've been gone too long with the alien. This is not good.
CHARLEY: They've only been, what, twenty minutes? I'm sure there's nothing wrong.
RATHBONE: No, no, half an hour. I have my instructions. Ten more minutes and then
CHARLEY: And then what?
RATHBONE: And then I must act.

DOCTOR: Where to this time, Uncreator?
UNCREATOR: The schism. We must settle this difference between the Engineers and the Uncreators.
DOCTOR: And how do you do that?
ENGINEER: The Law will decide the matter for us.
FRAYLING: The Law? That wouldn't be the third part of the Triskele?
DOCTOR: You may be right, Lieutenant Commander.
(Electronic noise.)
DOCTOR: And this is. It's empty. An endless void, no up nor down, no left or right, no
TAMWORTH: This time it's behind *you* , Doctor.
DOCTOR: Ah! And you are? Wait, wait, wait. Frayling stands with the Engineer Prime, you, Tamworth with the Uncreators, so you must be *my* shadow, or I your thrall. Isn't that what the Uncreator said?
LAWGIVER: I am the Lawgiver. All the Triskele are my thrall.
DOCTOR: Lawgiver? What, just the one of you? We've seen lots of Engineers and Uncreators but I can only see one you. Unless. Of course. There's only one Lawgiver, because there's only one Law.
TAMWORTH: And that Law is?
DOCTOR: His.
TAMWORTH: Hmm?
DOCTOR: Think. If the Engineers are the intellect of the Triskele, and the

Uncreators instinct, what's missing? Oh, come on, Tamworth. How do we choose between what the head tells us to do, and what the heart desires?
TAMWORTH: We. Well, we just do.
DOCTOR: But how? Because you can. Because you have autonomy, free will. You have conscience. The Lawgiver is the free will of the Triskele, independent of these factions of Engineers and Uncreators. I mean, I could be wrong. It has been known.
LAWGIVER: You are correct, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Am I? Oh.
LAWGIVER: There was a time before the schism when we were all like you. Individuals. Part Engineer, part Uncreator, part Lawgiver. Our base desires fed our learning., and we persuaded ourselves to carry out atrocities upon ourselves and others. We consumed ourselves until but a handful of the race survived. We remodelled ourselves, separated our species into three parts, the Triskele. Whereas Engineers and Uncreators could breed, could grow.
DOCTOR: The Law could not change. You're so old, Lawgiver. Ancient. You've seen generation upon generation of Engineers and Uncreators rise and fall, wax and wane, but you, the one Law, the one will, remain constant.
FRAYLING: So the others can't act without your say-so?
LAWGIVER: More than that. The Uncreators desire me dead. Desire you all dead. Desire destruction for its own sake. That is how they are. There was a part of all of us like this. Uncreator Prime, kill Doctor The.
(Chains rattling.)
UNCREATOR: I, I won't! Argh. You know I cannot.
ENGINEER: He cannot raise his arm to strike you down. We Engineers devised a living circuit which is attached to the cerebral cortex of all the Triskele bar the Lawgiver. It is passed down through all of us. It is keyed exactly to the mind of the Lawgiver. None of us may perform any act which the Lawgiver does not wish. The Lawgiver thinks it stopped, and it is stopped.
DOCTOR: I've known tyranny in my time, but this must be the most benevolent autocracy I've ever encountered. Just one further question, Lawgiver. What exactly do you want with us?
LAWGIVER: You have guessed already, Doctor The, so why do you ask?
TAMWORTH: What do you mean, Doctor, what does it want with us?
DOCTOR: Come on, Tamworth. What is humankind to the Triskele? On the one hand you're socially backward, riven by pointless conflict, corrupt, self-absorbed, but on the other, pioneers, adventurers, inventors. Just like this race before they designed themselves into this blind alley. What have you got that they haven't?
TAMWORTH: Free will, like you said. But they have the Lawgiver for that.
DOCTOR: Not for much longer. Isn't it obvious, Tamworth? The Lawgiver is dying.

(Ticking of a clock.)
RATHBONE: Time's up, Tamworth. You, men. Prepare arms and get ready to follow me out, and you, set up the Gatling at the top of the mooring tower. We're going in.
(Running of many people.)
CHARLEY: Rathbone, what are you doing?
RATHBONE: Resorting to plan B, doll. Lance Corporal Weeks?
WEEKS: Mister Rathbone?
RATHBONE: This is for you. Take it.
WEEKS: I
RATHBONE: Don't tell me you've never seen a rifle before, man. You will escort the Director of Civil Aviation and these other dignitaries to their cabins. Miss Pollard will help you. If she deviates from this task in the slightest, you will shoot her dead. Is that understood?
WEEKS: Misterr Rathbone, I, I can't
RATHBONE: Failure to comply will be viewed as an act of high treason! I say again. Is that understood?
WEEKS: Sir. Miss Pollard. Er, Charley. Perhaps you'd better do as he asks.

CHARLEY: Not until Rathbone tells me what he's up to.
RATHBONE: Heh. Should have run away to the circus, doll. You're putting your head right in the lion's jaws now, eh? Okay. We come all this way up high into the sky. We're not going home empty-handed, you understand? We bring the little grey man back to his people, we expect a reward.
CHARLEY: Reward?
RATHBONE: Reward. Look at this vessel *we're* in, then look outside. Imagine what it would be like to own a ship like they have, to know the secrets of travelling through space. We British have a ship like this, we will rule the world for ever. So, Lord Tamworth has gone to make a deal with them. They join us. They become subjects of His Majesty.
CHARLEY: And if they refuse?
RATHBONE: Tamworth had half an hour to make terms. He has not returned. They need to know who's boss, these little grey men. So, now we take their ship from them. We take it by force. Company, forward march!
CHARLEY: Rathbone, no!
WEEKS: Please, Miss Pollard. I have me duty.
CHARLEY: And I have mine. The question is, Mister Weeks, are you going to try and stop me. No?
WEEKS: No.
CHARLEY: Well then, you'd best bring that rifle to cover my back. Let's go!
WEEKS: Oh, lord.

LAWGIVER: This body atrophies by the day, Doctor. The Engineers have done all they can to stave off the process, but it is inevitable. When I die, the Uncreators will be released from bondage and the Uncreators will run amok.
UNCREATOR: We exist to destroy. That is our desire. That is how we were made. And you all would deny us our birthright.
DOCTOR: Engineer Prime, when you travelled to Earth, what did you hope to find?
ENGINEER: It is possible to replicate the device which gives the Lawgiver authority over all the Triskele. A new Law may succeed the old.
DOCTOR: Yes, I see your dilemma. You can't choose an Engineer or an Uncreator as the new Lawgiver. You need. Oh, no.
ENGINEER: Yes, Doctor The. We seek another to lead us. Doctor The, the Engineers, we nominate you.
TAMWORTH: No, no, no, no, no, no, no. This won't do at all. Lawgiver, this man. the Doctor, is not all he claims to be.
LAWGIVER: We know, Tamworth Lord. We seek an Earthman. The Doctor is not.
TAMWORTH: Not human?
DOCTOR: Ah, yes. I was meaning to have a word with you about that.
LAWGIVER: Engineer Prime, Uncreator Prime, the matter is settled. You, Engineer, have failed. You were instructed to choose an Earth Engineer, an Earth Uncreator, and one other. Frayling Technical Director is an Engineer
FRAYLING: Yes, and?
LAWGIVER: But neither of Doctor The nor Tamworth Lord are Uncreators. Your nomination of Doctor The is dismissed.
DOCTOR: Well, that's something, I suppose.
UNCREATOR: There is, however, an Earth Uncreator aboard. The Engineer Prime has sought to conceal his presence. His name is Rathbone.
TAMWORTH: Lawgiver, I strongly advise against Mister Rathbone as a candidate for this position. Rathbone, damn. Doctor, Frayling, we have to return to the airship at once.
LAWGIVER: Why the alarm, Tamworth Lord?
TAMWORTH: Mister Rathbone has certain specific instructions, and God help us all if he carries them out.

(Running boots on metal.)
RATHBONE: You men, stay back. This is Colonel Peter Rathbone. I represent

the Government of His Majesty George The Fifth, Great Britain and the Commonwealth. (sotto) Come out, come out, wherever you are. (loud) I wish to speak to the officer in charge of this vessel. Do you hear me? I wish to speak to the officer in charge.
(Electronic sound.)
TAMWORTH: Rathbone. Rathbone. Put that gun away. There's no need for this now. You men, lower your arms.
RATHBONE: You men, disregard that last order.
TAMWORTH: Rathbone, this is mutiny.
RATHBONE: I was never under your command, Tamworth, so how can it be, eh?
UNCREATOR: You are Rathbone? Your violence pleases me.
RATHBONE: Frayling? Is this the officer in charge of this vessel?
FRAYLING: N-n-n-no, this is
DOCTOR: I'm sorry. Mister Rathbone, are we missing something here, because I was under the impression that negotiations with the Triskele were going rather well.
RATHBONE: You have secured this craft, Tamworth? These creatures have offered you their unconditional surrender?
TAMWORTH: There, there's been a change of plan.
DOCTOR: Tamworth? Tamworth, surely you couldn't have thought you could hijack this vessel?
TAMWORTH: Oh Doctor, can you imagine the glory of descending from the clouds with a prize like this? Imagine what mastery of science behind a craft like this would mean to the world, to her security. No more wars. No more dissent. I was a member of the delegation at Versailles, did you know that? I knew then that the reparations would postpone a worse disaster, a far worse war.
DOCTOR: And, and you're right. The bloodshed of the next few years will be terrible to behold. But this, this act of terrible piracy won't bring a lasting peace.
CHARLEY: Let me through.
DOCTOR: Charley!
CHARLEY: Doctor, Engineer Prime, all of you. You have to get back. You don't know what Rathbone's planning.
RATHBONE: I warned you, doll.
DOCTOR: Rathbone, no!
(Gunfire. Charley squeals.)
ENGINEER: Charley?
RATHBONE: Don't move, any of you.
DOCTOR: Rathbone, if that girl is harmed
CHARLEY: It's all right, Doctor. I'm all right. He missed.
RATHBONE: I never miss, doll. Never. Next time you'll be fit only for the buzzards.
UNCREATOR: This is wonderful! The hatreds are like nothing we Uncreators have experienced in centuries.
RATHBONE: I ask you again, alien. Are you the officer in charge of this vessel?
UNCREATOR: Here I am merely Uncreator Prime. This is the Lawgiver.
RATHBONE: In that case, you. I demand the immediate surrender of this vessel to me. Do you accede?
LAWGIVER: You are Rathbone? You are worse than I could have possibly imagined.
TAMWORTH: Don't you understand, man? The Lawgiver wants our help. He wants us to ally ourselves alongside the Triskele.
RATHBONE: Stand aside!
(Punch. Tamworth gasps.)
RATHBONE: For the second and final time, Lawgiver, do you accede?
DOCTOR: Rathbone, please.
RATHBONE: (laughs) I shall take that as a no.
(Gunshot. The Lawgiver cries out.)
RATHBONE: One dead alien, eh? What difference does it make?
DOCTOR: What have you done!

(Walking over to examine.)
DOCTOR: It's too late. The Lawgiver is dead.
ENGINEER: Then the Law is dead.
UNCREATOR: The Law is dead, yes. But a new Law shall take its place. If the Engineer Prime had not brought these humans to the Triskele, this situation would never have arisen. We judged the Engineer Prime to have betrayed the Triskele.
DOCTOR: No, no, no, no, no. Uncreator Prime, this is not the way.
UNCREATOR: Would you stand in my way, Doctor? The Lawgiver is dead. These chains no longer bind the Uncreator Prime.
(Chains fall. The Uncreator roars.)
FRAYLING: Doctor, it, it's glowing. Changing shape. Becoming
DOCTOR: Bestial. All that suppressed savagery coming out.
UNCREATOR: This is good. This is freedom. To me, Uncreators.
(Electronic zapping sound of Uncreators moving.)
FRAYLING: Uncreators. Even worse than before. They're, they're monstrous, deformed.
DOCTOR: What did you expect, Frayling? We knew nothing about these creatures. Nothing at all. They've been bound for centuries and now they're loose.
TAMWORTH: Oh, my head. What in the name of
UNCREATOR: On your feet, Tamworth Lord. On your feet. I declare now, these humans here have made an unprovoked attack upon the Triskele. I, the Uncreator Prime, say this act of aggression cannot go unpunished. Tamworth Lord, as ambassador for Humankind, I tell you this. Our states are now at war.
TAMWORTH: War?
DOCTOR: War. Don't you see, Tamworth, Rathbone, Engineer Prime? This is what the Uncreator wanted. This is what it wanted all along.
UNCREATOR: Bwahahahahahaha! War! Uncreators, kill them all!
(Roaring of aliens.)

[Part Four]

FRAYLING: They're all around us.
DOCTOR: Massing for the kill. They've been waiting for this for a very long time. They mean to make this meal last.
TAMWORTH: See what we've done, Rathbone? See what we've done?
RATHBONE: This is, this is not how it was supposed to be.
TAMWORTH: Pick yourself up, man. You've got your war, now fight it.
WEEKS: Well, don't just stand there, you men. Might not be half the man I was back in 1917, but I didn't die then and I'm not starting now. After me. Present arms.
(Running towards them. Guns clicked.)
WEEKS: And
CHARLEY: Have you gone completely mad? They're coming from all directions. You risk hitting the airship if you start firing now.
WEEKS: Were you at the Somme, Miss Pollard?
CHARLEY: Oh.
WEEKS: No? Believe me. I like this even less than you. Fire!
CHARLEY: No!
(Shots, ricochets.)
DOCTOR: That's just stupid. Tamworth, will you tell those men to stop firing.
TAMWORTH: What's the point, Doctor? Look, one falls, another three take its place. Rathbone, what's the matter with you? Get up.
RATHBONE: All over. All over.
DOCTOR: Rathbone? He's broken, Tamworth. You know, I wonder if the Uncreator Prime hasn't been using him, affected his mind to ensure he'd shoot the Lawgiver. Poor fellow.
TAMWORTH: Pity the rest of us, Doctor.
WEEKS: Cease firing.

(Shots stop.)
WEEKS: Company, withdraw. Fall back to the ship.
CHARLEY: You can't just retreat! You can't just leave the Doctor and the others to die.
DOCTOR: Why am I reminded of Rorke's Drift here?
TAMWORTH: Rorke's Drift, Doctor? This is Custer's Last Stand.
DOCTOR: No, no, no, it's more like Rorke's Drift, at least this is just how I remember.
TAMWORTH: Argh! You filthy blighter, get back. Back! Back! Get back, I say.
(A Triskele grunts.)
DOCTOR: Did you see that? Tamworth, the creature, it's scared of you.
TAMWORTH: Scared? I should bloody well hope it's scared.
DOCTOR: Again, man, again.
TAMWORTH: You creatures, back. I order you, back. I'll have your gizzards if you don't get back!
FRAYLING: They're shrinking away, Doctor. They are. They're frightened of him.
DOCTOR: Think about it, Frayling. This generation of Uncreators have never encountered another predator before. They've been chained for centuries. They don't know what we are, what we can do to them. Let's try something. Here, Uncreator. Here, come on. To me.
(The Uncreators grunt, then the Doctor roars at them. They whimper.)
DOCTOR: You see? You men behind, you drop your weapons and roar. Roar!
CHARLEY: Well, you heard the man. Let's have you roar!
(Yelling and roaring.)
UNCREATOR: No. No! Be strong. Uncreators, they are weak. They cannot harm you.
DOCTOR: Come on, you too, Frayling.
FRAYLING: Me? Oh no, I, I can't.
DOCTOR: Yes you can. Get in touch with your inner beast, your own Uncreator. Go on, man. Your life depends on it.
FRAYLING: Rah!
DOCTOR: Oh, come on, you can do better than that. Roar! Think about how many times you've been put down, how often you've been passed by and put upon. Your advice disregarded by some silly old fool with his eyes on his own glory. How does that make you feel? Come on. Are you a man, or are you mincemeat?
FRAYLING: Don't bloody patronise me, Doctor.
DOCTOR: That's the spirit, Lieutenant Commander, let it out. Roar!
FRAYLING: Roar!
DOCTOR: Good, good! Keep it up.
(Short run.)
DOCTOR: Charley, good to see you. How are you doing?
CHARLEY: Roar! Fine, just fine.
DOCTOR: Best if you think of them as, er, smug, self-satisfied Singapore traders.
CHARLEY: Roar!
DOCTOR: Now I'm scared. You too, Engineer Prime.
ENGINEER: (frightened) This is barbaric. I cannot.
DOCTOR: It's real life. The Triskele have come so far since the bad old days. It doesn't have to be like that again, not if you shout loud enough. Now, let the Uncreators know you're as mad as hell, and you're not going to take it any more!
ENGINEER: Perhaps you are right. But this is too much.
DOCTOR: I know. You've all got a long way to go, but you'll get there in the end, I promise. That's enough!
(The noise dies down.)
DOCTOR: You see, Uncreator Prime? Your creatures are retreating, and you know why? Instinct. Pure instinct. Their instinct gives them savagery, makes them unspeakably fierce. But they have the most basic instinct of every predator too. The need for self-preservation. That's why the Triskele were divided in the first place, isn't it? It was the only way the race could avoid wiping itself out.

UNCREATOR: No. You will all bend to my will now. We Uncreators will achieve our potential. There are relics still. Relics of the time when Engineers devoted all their skills to devices of Uncreation. Relics passed down from Uncreator Prime to Uncreator Prime, ready for the day when they could once again be used. This Triskelion I wear on my breast, once it was feared as more than a symbol, more than a sign.
FRAYLING: The Triskelion, it's unfolding in her hand.
DOCTOR: Opening up to become. Oh no. An energy weapon. Watch out, Frayling.
(Laser gun fired.)
UNCREATOR: Hah! Run, Doctor. Run!
(Gun fired, again, and again, and again. Gasp.)
CHARLEY: Please, you'll kill. Ow!
UNCREATOR: That is my intention. Now, Doctor. Now you die!
TAMWORTH: I demand you put that weapon down.
UNCREATOR: Demand, Tamworth Lord? You demand?
TAMWORTH: Yes I do. You Uncreators, listen to me. The Triskele went in search of a new Lawgiver. I declare my candidacy before you all. You want to challenge me, Uncreator Prime, hmm? Want to fight, eh? Put 'em up, sir. Put 'em up!
UNCREATOR: You wish to fight me?
TAMWORTH: Damn right I do. Mano on mano, hand and nail, tooth and claw. You refuse my challenge?
DOCTOR: Tamworth, that creature will tear you limb from limb.
TAMWORTH: Go, Doctor. Frayling, Rathbone, Miss Pollard, take all of 'em back to the ship, I'll finish this. Well, sir? Do you refuse my challenge?
UNCREATOR: I do not.
DOCTOR: This is futile.
TAMWORTH: Go then, Doctor. Go. Square up then, square up. Where I come from, Uncreator, they call boxing the noble art.
UNCREATOR: I do not know about art, Earth man, but I know what I like.
(Punch.)
UNCREATOR: This is no contest. You are old, Tamworth Lord.
TAMWORTH: And you've let your guard down, Uncreator.
(Punch, punch, into the Uncreator, who gasps.)
TAMWORTH: Well, get up. Let's see you again.
(Punching continues.)
DOCTOR: Charley, Frayling, take Tamworth and get back to the airship.
FRAYLING: Come with us, Doctor, there's nothing more *you* can do.
DOCTOR: That's not the point, Lieutenant Commander. The Engineers are too weak to resist the Uncreator Prime. Look at this saucer, look at the brilliance of the technology. He'll force them to build the most unimaginable weapons, overrun Earth, the Galaxy, who knows where he'll stop. One way or another, I can't allow that to happen.
CHARLEY: You might not have to worry, Doctor. Tamworth's winning!
TAMWORTH: Think you've got what it takes to lead an empire, do you?
(Punch.)
TAMWORTH: Savage you may be, but you know nothing else, nothing! We call this a stranglehold on my planet, you monster. So submit, sir. Submit!
UNCREATOR: No. Rathbone. Rathbone.
RATHBONE: I hear you.
TAMWORTH: What's this?
UNCREATOR: Raise your gun, Rathbone. That's right. Level it at Tamworth Lord.
DOCTOR: There's nothing left of the old Rathbone, he's possessed.
CHARLEY: This happened before in the airship. He heard voices that weren't there. Rathbone, please, Please put the gun down.
RATHBONE: Get off me, doll.
CHARLEY: Oh! I am not your doll!
RATHBONE: Off me!

(Thump.)
CHARLEY: Ow!
UNCREATOR: Good, Rathbone. Steady. Steady. Now shoot Tamworth Lord through the head.
DOCTOR: No, Rathbone.
RATHBONE: I, I must. No, get out. Get out, get out of my head!
(Shot.)
UNCREATOR: You have killed me, Rathbone.
CHARLEY: He must have missed. Shot the Uncreator instead.
RATHBONE: I told you, doll. I never miss.
TAMWORTH: Well done, man. Uncreators, the Uncreator Prime is dead, killed by the weapon he would use against me. Do any of you oppose me still?
(Gentle growls.)
TAMWORTH: I'll take that as a no. Engineer Prime?
ENGINEER: Tamworth Lord. You are Tamworth Lawgiver to us now.
DOCTOR: So Tamworth, you've won. You have the finest spaceship in the galaxy at your disposal, the energies of some of the most brilliant engineers in the cosmos, and an army of thousands who'll obey your every word. The question is, what will you do with it all?
TAMWORTH: I should go back, you know. I should return to Carlington in this glorious machine. They said I could ask for anything I liked if I brought the aliens in. Viceroy of India, that's what I wanted. But look what we've done here today. There are so many Rathbones back home, Doctor. So many more. And the Triskele deserve better, better than being dragged into our human affairs.
DOCTOR: If you leave now you can never return.
TAMWORTH: I know that Doctor, I know. Triskele, you hear me? There is no more Lawgiver. There is no more law. If I stay, I can offer only my advice, my help. I'm an old man, I can't stay long. You must learn to find your own way in time.
ENGINEER: Then that is enough, Mister Tamworth.
(Rattlings.)
TAMWORTH: The R101's engines have started. The Director of Civil Aviation must have decided to leave. Doctor, you have to go.
DOCTOR: I know, I know. It's just
CHARLEY: Come on, Doctor.
TAMWORTH: There's just one thing, Doctor. The airship, the R101. Make sure she gets down safely. Promise me that.
CHARLEY: Doctor!
DOCTOR: I'll do what I can, Lord Tamworth, sir.
TAMWORTH: Best of luck, Doctor. So, Engineer Prime. How exactly do we fly this bally machine?

(Running.)
CHARLEY: Frayling's got Rathbone inside. Doctor, come on. Why have you stopped?
DOCTOR: Charley. Charley, you could stay here, you know. I told you what happens to the airship later tonight. I promised Tamworth I'd do what I can, and I shouldn't. But once we're aboard, I don't know how we'll get off.
CHARLEY: I do, and we will. Parachutes. Saw them earlier. Now stop arguing and just get inside?

COXSWAIN: Course set for departure, Flight Lieutenant.
FLIGHT LIEUTENANT: Take it down to height, Cox'n. Steady as she goes.
(Propellors turning.)

(Saucer engines.)
CHARLEY: Doctor, look. The Triskele. They're leaving.
DOCTOR: Best of British, Tamworth. Come on, Charley, we need to organise an evacuation.
(Stormy weather.)

WEEKS: Now. Oh there, monster, are you still sleepy, I hope? Remember me? Chief Steward Weeks, Lance Corporal twice retired? That's right. Just look what I brought you. Scraps from the officers' mess. There's a bit of ham, see, and a carcass of chicken to pick over.
(Noise getting louder of Vortisaur.)
WEEKS: Yes, I thought you'd like that. Here's some milk too. Come on, then. Come and get it. See, I knew you weren't such a bad monster after all. Just need a bit of loving, don't you?
(Gentle noise.)
WEEKS: You just tuck right in. I was thinking, see. When we get back on the ground, maybe I could take you home with me. My little boy, you see, he's just mad about pigeons. I reckon you'd take to him, I do. Hey, come on. Don't you want all this lovely
(Screeching, Weeks cries out.)

FRAYLING: Gentlemen, I give you Lord Tamworth.
MEN: Lord Tamworth.
FRAYLING: Doctor, Miss Pollard. Come in, come in, there's champagne for everyone. Splendid effort all round.
DOCTOR: Frayling? Frayling, there's no time for this now.
FRAYLING: Doctor, we've snatched a magnificent victory from the jaws of defeat. The Director of Civil Aviation says there'll be medals for all of us. You know what? It'll be Air Vice Marshal Frayling in a few short years. You taught me to roar, Doctor, and I'll tell you something, from now on the world will listen.
CHARLEY: Frayling, have you gone squiffy in the head?
RATHBONE: Ah, hello, doll.
CHARLEY: Frayling, that man should be under arrest.
RATHBONE: What's the matter, doll? You not pleased to see me?
DOCTOR: No, Rathbone, we're not. Charley's right, Frayling, this man is dangerous. You know that as well as anyone.
FRAYLING: Oh no, Doctor, it wouldn't do, arresting the hero of the hour?
CHARLEY: Hero? That man started the first space war.
FRAYLING: Oh, things got bad for all of us up there. Rathbone copped the worst of it too, but he still had the wits to come back with our prize.
THE DOCTOR Prize? What prize? What have you done now?
RATHBONE: You think you know it all, Doctor, eh? But tough luck. You Germans don't get near it. Or maybe you do. Maybe we should try it out on you two first.
CHARLEY: Oh no!
DOCTOR: The Triskelion. You took the Uncreator's weapon, the Triskelion. Of all the. Haven't you learned anything today, Rathbone? For all our sakes, please, just throw it overboard.
FRAYLING: Don't be absurd, Doctor. Don't worry, I know you're enemy agents but I'll see to it you're both treated humanely. You'll both be locked up of course, but in time maybe you'll come to appreciate how
DOCTOR: In time, Lieutenant Commander, in time? You know nothing about time. Do you know about the Web of Time, hmm? Do you know how history can't be changed? You take an alien energy weapon back to England now in 1930 and then what? Of course, you strip it down, you study its design, master ion beam emission in a few short years. By 1940 you have Spitfires mounted with laser cannons. Fight the Battle of Britain that way. The British Empire is supposed to be falling apart, her colonies gaining independence. With weapons like these, nobody will dare oppose her. And you haven't, have you. You've learned nothing today. Let me tell you, it doesn't happen like that. Frayling. Frayling, I beg of you, you have to evacuate the airship. Parachutes all round, leave the weapon here. Let history be.
FRAYLING: Let it be what, Doctor? Why should we evacuate the ship? We're going home covered in glory.
DOCTOR: You're not going to listen, are you? Of course not. If you were going

to listen then history wouldn't work out this way. Rathbone, old chap, you know I don't make a habit of this sort of thing, not my sort of thing at all actually, but, well, needs must when the devil drives, you know.
RATHBONE: What are you talking about?
DOCTOR: This.
(Thump. Rathbone groans.)
DOCTOR: Terribly sorry. I think I'll take this. Charley, run!
RATHBONE: Oh, my nose.
FRAYLING: Never mind that. He's got the weapon. You men, after him. Quick!

COXSWAIN: Weather's getting worse, Flight Lieutenant. Wind two forty degrees, west south west, forty miles per hour.
FLIGHT LIEUTENANT: Keep her nose up, height cox'n. Keep her level.

(Running.)
DOCTOR: This way. Back to the promenade. We can throw this thing overboard and then
(Vortisaur screech.)
DOCTOR: The Vortisaur! How did that get out?
CHARLEY: Don't just stand there, Doctor. We can't go that way. This ladder here. Come on!
(Ladder climb.)
DOCTOR: Why wouldn't they just listen? It must have gone two o'clock by now.
CHARLEY: Oh, worry about that later, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Later, Charley? There isn't any later.
CHARLEY: Oh! Below us. Rathbone!
RATHBONE: There's nowhere to run, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Too right.
CHARLEY: Oh, Doctor, up here. Oh, you're heavier than you look.
DOCTOR: I carry lots in my pockets.
RATHBONE: You can't hide up there, little Springboks. Big bad lion is coming to get you.
CHARLEY: The size of these gas bags. We're right in the heart of the airship now.
DOCTOR: I know, I've been here before. Careful, Charley, it's a long way down.
CHARLEY: Oh!
DOCTOR: It's all right, Charley, I've got you. That was close.
RATHBONE: It was. I might not have caught you.
CHARLEY: Careful with that fire axe, Rathbone. You might do someone an injury. Yourself, hopefully.
RATHBONE: I was thinking of another saying we have back in my homeland, doll. If you want to catch the chicken, first cut off its head. Hand me the weapon, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Funny, isn't it. I'm the one with the gun, but I can't shoot you, Rathbone. You know why? Oh, of course you do. It's why you've got the axe, isn't it? These huge leather gas bags, all around us. You know, when I first arrived aboard this ship, I thought I noticed something odd about the atmosphere. You see, humans can't sense it, but I'm a little more than human. It's hydrogen gas, leaking out of the vast tattered lungs which lift this vessel up off the ground. That's the thing about the R101, you see, it doesn't work. Oh, the design is magnificent, the vision outstanding. But she's simply too big to fly safely. This crowning glory of the great British Empire isn't lifted by some miracle of science, it's borne aloft on a wing and a prayer. Hmm, and while I think about it, I don't suppose having a Vortisaur raking its claws across the hull has done this ship's integrity any favours.
RATHBONE: Spare us, Doctor. There's a word to describe you. Vintgut. It means
DOCTOR: Windbag, I know. Picked up some colourful Afrikaans during the Boer War myself. But it's not this windbag you have to worry about, Uncreator. It's *those* ones. High above our heads. The thing is, if I were to fire off this

Triskelion, created just the slightest spark, I'd ignite the five million cubic feet of hydrogen inside those gas bags. And then, whooff! No more airship, no more Rathbone, and no more Triskelion. Would you care for a demonstration?
CHARLEY: Doctor, you wouldn't!
RATHBONE: (laughs) You, Doctor? You? The arch humanitarian? Kill all the people aboard this ship just to preserve your Web of Time? Give me the weapon. You're not fooling anyone.
DOCTOR: Oh, really? Take a look at Charley. Look at the worry written all over her face. You see, she knows me better than anyone aboard, but she knows I'm not bluffing. Don't you, Charley?
CHARLEY: Doctor, please. I know what happens to the ship, but there's got to be another way.
RATHBONE: What happens to the ship? What does she mean? Doctor, what does she mean?
DOCTOR: It's like this. I'm afraid, Mister Rathbone, that the airship doesn't make it. The gas bags are unable to cope with the buffeting caused by the storm that's whipping up around us. At about two o'clock in the morning, that's what, any minute now, one of them blows completely, close to the bow. The ship's nose cone pitches, and she plunges toward the ground for a full thirty seconds. She manages to level off just a little, but can't gain enough height to avoid an impact with the ground. She rakes across a hillside in Beauvais, northern France, and explodes into flames. They line up the coffins in Westminster Abbey, a service for heroes. The nation falls silent, stricken with grief, and very sorry. So you see, it wouldn't make that much difference, all told, if I did end it right here, right now.
RATHBONE: You wouldn't dare. You wouldn't.
CHARLEY: But what about me, Doctor? What about the Web of Time? You said that the
DOCTOR: I said you really shouldn't be here, Charley. I was right. Give me the axe, Rathbone, let me chop this weapon into little pieces, and then we can all get on with getting off this ship while there's still time.
RATHBONE: Okay, Doctor. I'll believe you. You win, eh? Like hell.
CHARLEY: Look out!
(Clang, hiss of air.)
DOCTOR: Well done, Rathbone, that's the hull breached. Not going to keep those gas bags stable, is it?
RATHBONE: Oh, give it a rest with the yak-yak-yak, eh Doctor?
(Another lunge, clang.)
DOCTOR: And that's the for'ard gas bag torn. Keep it up, Rathbone, you're making history.
RATHBONE: Can't miss you from three feet away, Doctor. Time's up.
DOCTOR: You don't know how right you are. You want the Triskelion? Catch.
RATHBONE: Hah. Hah. I have it, I have it.
(Rathbone gasps. Clang!)

(Glass smash.)
FRAYLING: What, what's happening to the ship?
(Window shatter, man gasps.)
FRAYLING: You. Yes, you crewman. Hand me the communications tube. The blower, man, the blower. Flight Lieutenant, this is Frayling. Can you hear me? What's happening down there?
FLIGHT LIEUTENANT [OC]: She's losing height, sir. One thousand six hundred feet and falling. Down to one thousand five fifty.
FRAYLING: Increase elevation, increase elevation!

DOCTOR: I told you, Rathbone. I warned you. She's falling out of the sky.
RATHBONE: Where's the weapon? I dropped the
DOCTOR: Don't be a fool, Rathbone, the weapon doesn't matter now.
RATHBONE: I can just reach it there, and
(Scream fading into the distance.)
CHARLEY: He's gone. Doctor. Doctor, hang on!

DOCTOR: Charley, I'm being sucked out.
(THE DOCTOR gasps.)
CHARLEY: I'm here, Doctor, take my hand!
DOCTOR: No! It's no good, Charley, I'll pull you through too.
CHARLEY: Oh please, Doctor, just take my
DOCTOR: Charley, get to the stern if you can, by the engines. You might just be able to jump from there.
CHARLEY: I'm not leaving you.
DOCTOR: I did my best. They wouldn't listen. Charley, I'm so sorry.
CHARLEY: I know, Doctor, I know you did.
DOCTOR: Please Charley, just go.
CHARLEY: No, I can't, I can't. Ah!
(Vortisaur screech.)
CHARLEY: Doctor! Doctor, look!
DOCTOR: The Vortisaur! It must have got out through the promenade. It can smell a disaster about to happen. It knows. Here. Here? Remember me? Hello, remember? Nice little Time Lord blood? Come on? Little bit closer, just a little bit closer. Now! Hah! I told you. I used to ride these things bareback, Charley. Charley, give me your hand. Whoah! Come on, Charley, jump.
CHARLEY: Ready, Doctor. Here I come.

(Panicked cries.)
FRAYLING: Flight Lieutenant? Flight Lieutenant, are you there? No. It's too late, chaps. Can't get out now. Should have listened. Ah well. There's still one last bottle of champagne. Gentlemen, a toast.
(Cork from bottle as he speaks.)
FRAYLING: I give you His Majesty's airship, the R101. May God have mercy on all those who fly in her.
(Crashing and burning.)

(Leathery wings of Vortisaur flapping.)
CHARLEY: It's terrible. Terrible. All those people. They wouldn't listen.
DOCTOR: The story of the R101 all along, Charley. She's part of history now. She takes her secrets with her. We should let her rest in peace.
(French voices in distance.)
CHARLEY: People on the hillside.
DOCTOR: We shouldn't be here, and this little fellow certainly shouldn't. Oh, that's odd.
CHARLEY: What is it?
DOCTOR: The Vortisaur, it's like he's suddenly afraid of me. Oh, no, no, no, it's not me, it's you. Charley, he's afraid of you.
CHARLEY: Oh, but that's just silly. I. Hey. Hey, come back. Come back here at once, I haven't done anything to hurt you, you silly thing.
(Her voice fades.)
DOCTOR: (whispers) It wasn't anything you've done, Charley. It's what you *are*, isn't it. Very sensitive, Vortisaurs. They know when something's up with time. And something's very definitely up today, isn't it. Oh, stupid, stupid, stupid, Time Lord. What have you done? Think, think, think. Fifty four people set off in the R101 yesterday, so fifty four bodies should be accounted for here. Here in this twisted skeleton spread out over this hillside. But there's no Tamworth, so that leaves fifty three. But there should be one more. Charley. You. Oh, Doctor, haven't you learned anything? She should have died. She's cheated history, broken strands in the Web of Time, and all because you were here interfering, intervening. What was it they used to say at the Academy about the beat of a butterfly's in Mettula Orionsis causing a time storm in the Vortis Spiral? Might as well have let Rathbone bring down the Triskelion. Oh Charley, if you surviving the crash has changed the future, then it's my duty as a Time Lord to change it back. Put you back in the airship just after two in the morning on this terrible day in October and leave you to
(Vortisaur sound.)

DOCTOR: To
CHARLEY: (distant) Doctor? Doctor? Look, it's all right. (comes close) I think he's changed his mind. He's letting me ride him again. Oh, it's quite sweet, really, aren't you. Yes, Charley's darling little monster, eh? Doctor, were you talking to yourself just now? Only they say that's the first sign of madness.
DOCTOR: It's funny, I thought I said that.
CHARLEY: Oh, ha, ha, ha. Doctor, about this Web of Time business.
DOCTOR: Yes, Charley?
CHARLEY: Well, don't you think we'd better get this little monster back to your Time and Space machine? I don't know about you, but I can't help thinking he's going to create a bit of a stir if he takes to living in twentieth century France.
DOCTOR: You know, Charley, you're absolutely right. He seems keen to be off in the direction of Dieppe, and that's where the Tardis went down. I think he can sense her, you know.
CHARLEY: Come on then, what you waiting for?
DOCTOR: It's just. Charley, I don't know how to say this.
CHARLEY: It's all right, Doctor, I know.
DOCTOR: You do?
CHARLEY: And I'd love to come with you. See the galaxies, mix with the Martians and visit the Venusians. Oh, please?
DOCTOR: Well, you'd better help me up then, hadn't you?
CHARLEY: There's just one thing, Doctor. We can't keep on calling this monster Monster, can we.
DOCTOR: We can't?
CHARLEY: We can't. And I was just looking at his little face just now and do you know, he's the spitting image of Mister MacDonald.
DOCTOR: Who?
CHARLEY: Oh, you know. The Prime Minister, Ramsey MacDonald. (to the Vortisaur) What do you say to that then, hmm? Ramsey?
(Ramsey the Vortisaur squawks.)
CHARLEY: There. Ramsey it is.
DOCTOR: I'm so glad that's settled. Ready, Charley? To the Tardis then, Ramsey. Hi ho and away!

Originally transcribed by David Tait with CD additions/corrections by Great Aunt Chrissie.